

New  
SONGS *of the* GOSPEL  
No. 3

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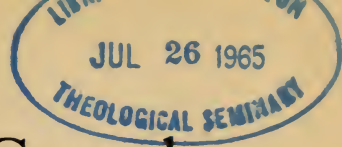
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# New Songs of the Gospel

## No. 3

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*For Use in  
Religious Meetings*

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J. LINCOLN<sup>✓</sup> HALL  
C. AUSTIN MILES  
C. HAROLD LOWDEN

EDITORS

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## LET EVERYBODY SING.

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SINCE "New Songs of the Gospel, No. 2" was issued in January, 1905, more than 600,000 people (allowing one copy to a person) have sung the songs contained in the book; it was a revelation to the Christian public : in

### "NEW SONGS OF THE GOSPEL, No. 3"

we believe the acme of song book making has been reached, and no such song book, considering the price, has ever been offered to Christian worshippers.

### "NEW SONGS OF THE GOSPEL, No. 3"

has a large number of new pieces that have never before been published, yet these pieces have been privately tried and pronounced excellent by a competent committee of gospel song users.

In addition to the new songs, there is a great variety of the best and most popular gospel songs by nearly all of the well-known song writers. We recognize the fact that

### "NEW SONGS OF THE GOSPEL, No. 3"

will be used largely in gospel and evangelistic services, Young People's meetings and in Sunday Schools : hence, we have added two important departments : they are

*Department of Consecration and the Holy Spirit.*

*Department of Invitation.*

These departments we believe will be of great value in most services.

We trust that great spiritual uplift may result from the use of this book, and that many may sing the old gospel in a new form.

THE PUBLISHERS.

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LET EVERYBODY SING.

# New Songs of the Gospel,

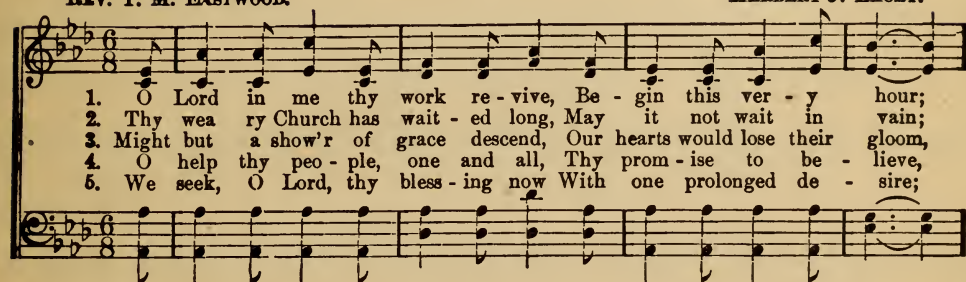
## No. 3.

No. 3.

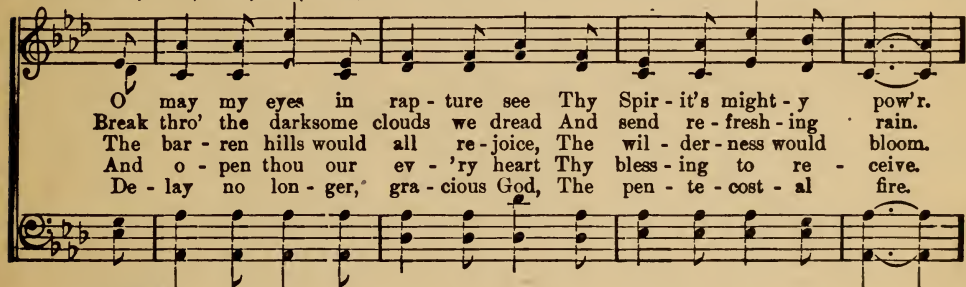
Begin in Me.

REV. T. M. EASTWOOD.

HERBERT J. LACEY.

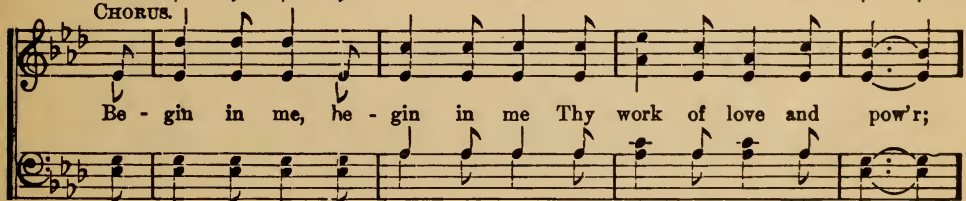


1. O Lord in me thy work re-vive, Be - gin this ver - y hour;  
2. Thy wea - ry Church has wait - ed long, May it not wait in vain;  
3. Might but a show'r of grace descend, Our hearts would lose their gloom,  
4. O help thy peo - ple, one and all, Thy prom - ise to be - lieve,  
5. We seek, O Lord, thy bless - ing now With one prolonged de - sire;



O may my eyes in rap - ture see Thy Spir - it's might - y pow'r.  
Break thro' the darksome clouds we dread And send re - fresh - ing rain.  
The bar - ren hills would all re - joice, The wil - der - ness would bloom.  
And o - pen thou our ev - 'ry heart Thy bless - ing to re - ceive.  
De - lay no lon - ger, gra - cious God, The pen - te - cost - al fire.

CHORUS.



Be - gin in me, he - gin in me Thy work of love and pow'r;



O Spir - it of the Liv - ing God, Be - gin this ver - y hour.

## There is Joy in My Soul.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

I. ALLAN SANKEY.

1. I will not be wea-ry, tho' tri-als may come, And troub-les be-  
 2. I can-not be wea-ry when he is my rest; Whate'er my tempt-  
 3. There's joy that no language or thought can ex-press, It comes from his

fore me I see,..... But count them as noth-ing compared with the love  
 a-tions may be,..... I'll trust in his prom-ise be-cause he has said:  
 presence di-vine;.... And when in his like-ness at last I a-wake,

## CHORUS.

Of Je-sus, my Sav-iour, to me.....  
 "My grace is suf-fi-cient for thee.".. } I'll sing of his love, of his  
 Its full-ness I know will be mine!...

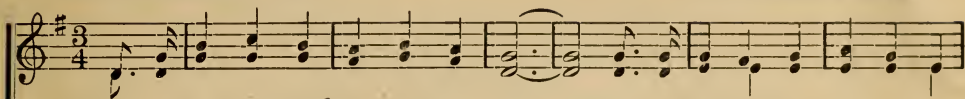
won-der-ful love, Tho' bil-lows like mountains may roll;..... I fear not the

tempest, I dread not the storm, For O, there is joy in my soul.....

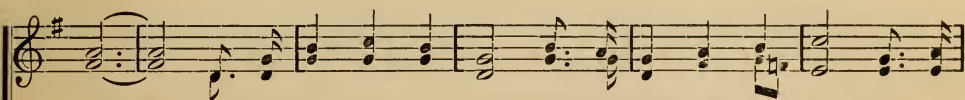
## The Homeland Beyond.

ARTHUR WILLIS SPOONER, D. D.

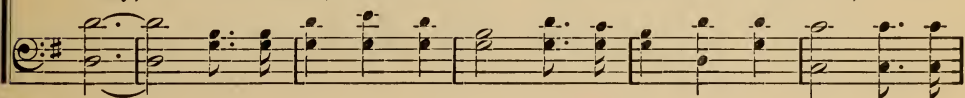
D. LANSING SPOONER.



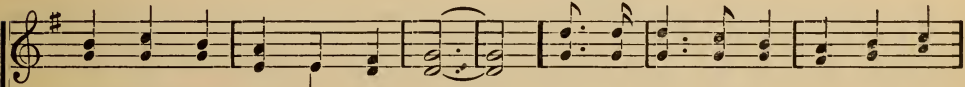
1. There's a homeland, be- yond life's wide sea, Where the ransomed for - ev - er shall  
 2. To that homeland no sor - row can come; In that homeland no weeping is  
 3. From that homeland none ev - er shall stray; Ships shall nev - er go sail - ing a-



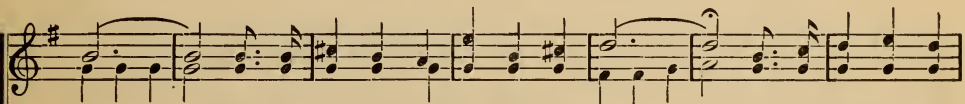
be; In that home, bright and fair, There's no pain, grief, nor care; Blessed  
 known; Loved ones, part - ed, shall meet; Life for - ev - er be sweet; Blessed  
 way; There is love, home and rest On the dear Sav - iour's breast; Blessed



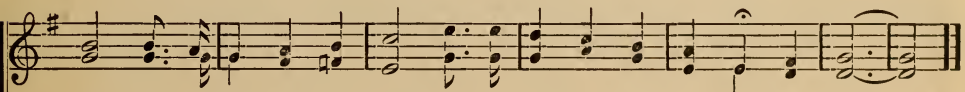
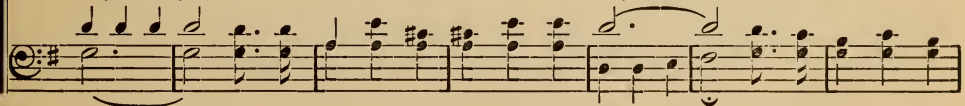
## CHORUS.



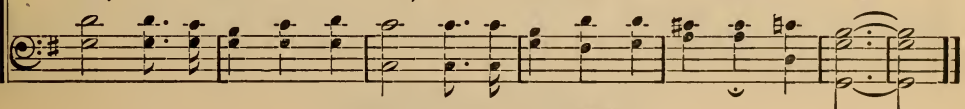
homeland, I'm long - ing for thee. There's a place in that homeland for



you,..... There's a place in that homeland for me;..... When the journey is  
 yes, for you, yes, for me;



o'er, And we reach that fair shore, In the homeland for - ev - er we'll be.



1. O Fa - ther, when my troubled soul Is toss'd on storm - y sea,  
 2. And when the night is drear and dark, So that I can - not see,  
 3. When in the cheerless wild - er - ness, I far a - stray may be,  
 4. O Fa - ther, lead me all my way, And make my foot - steps free,

When bil - lows roar, and tor - rents pour, Come, Lord, and lead thou me.  
 No gleam of star, no moon a - far, Come, Lord, and lead thou me.  
 The path un - known, my - self a - lone, Come, Lord, and lead thou me.  
 The way to go I nev - er know, Come, Lord, and lead thou me.

## CHORUS.

Lead me when the bil - lows roar, Lead me when the torrents  
 Lead me when the bil - lows roar, O lead me, Lead me

pour, when the tor - rents pour, O lead me. Lead me on the storm - y  
 when the tor - rents pour, O lead me. Lead me on the storm - y

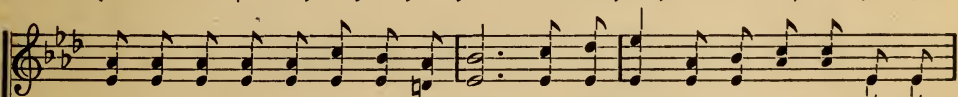
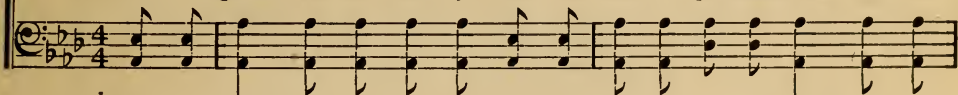
sea, ..... Bless - ed Saviour, lead thou me. O lead thou me.  
 on the storm - y sea, Bless - ed Sav - iour, lead thou me.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

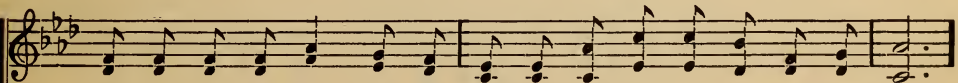
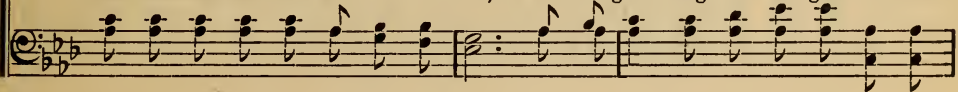
JNO. R. SWENEY.



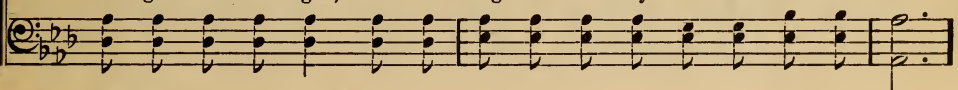
1. When my life - work is end - ed, and I cross the swell - ing tide, When the
2. O the soul - thrill - ing rap - ture when I view his bless - ed face, And the
3. O the dear ones in glo - ry, how they beck - on me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y in a robe of spot - less white, He will



bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Re-deem-er when I  
 lus - tre of his kind - ly beam - ing eye; How my full heart will praise him for the  
 part - ing at the riv - er I re - call; To the sweet vales of E - den they will  
 lead me where no tears will ev - er fall; In the glad song of a - ges I shall



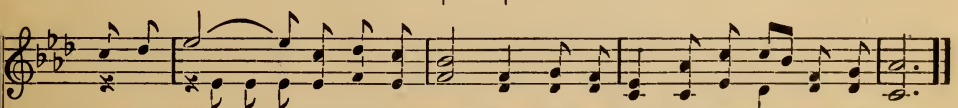
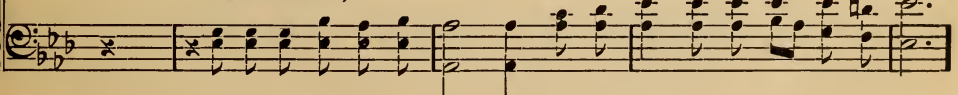
reach the oth - er side, And his smile will be the first to wel - come me.  
 mer - cy, love, and grace, That pre - pares for me a man - sion in the sky.  
 sing my wel - come home; But I long to meet my Sav - iour first of all.  
 min - gle with de - light; But I long to meet my Sav - iour first of all.



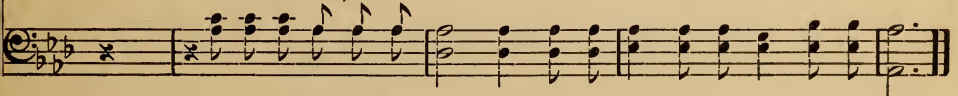
## CHORUS.



I shall know..... him, I shall know him, And redeem'd by his side I shall stand;  
 I shall know him,



I shall know..... him, I shall know him By the print of the nails in his hands.  
 I shall know him,



Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. The fight is on, the trumpet-sound is ring-ing out, The cry "To arms" is  
 2. The fight is on, a - rouse ye soldiers brave and true Je - ho - vah leads, and  
 3. The Lord is lead - ing on to cer - tain vic - to - ry, The bow of prom - ise

heard a - far and near; The Lord of hosts is marching on to vic - to - ry, The  
 vic - t'ry will as - sure: Go buck - le on the ar - mor God has giv - en you, And  
 spans the east - ern sky; His glo - rious name in ev - 'ry land shall honored be, The

CHORUS. *Unison.*

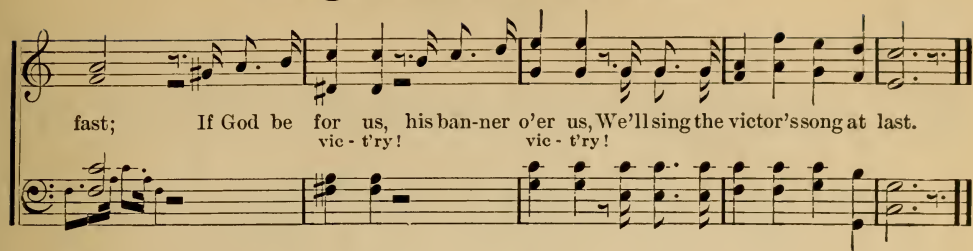
tri-umph of the right will soon appear.  
 in his strength un-to the end en-dure. } The fight is on, O chris-tian sol - dier, And face to  
 morn will break the dawn of peace is nigh. }

face in stern ar - ray.....With ar - mor gleam-ing, and col - ors streaming, The right and

*Harmony.*

wrong engage to-day; The fight is on, but be not wea - ry, Be strong and in his might hold

# The Fight is On.—Concluded.



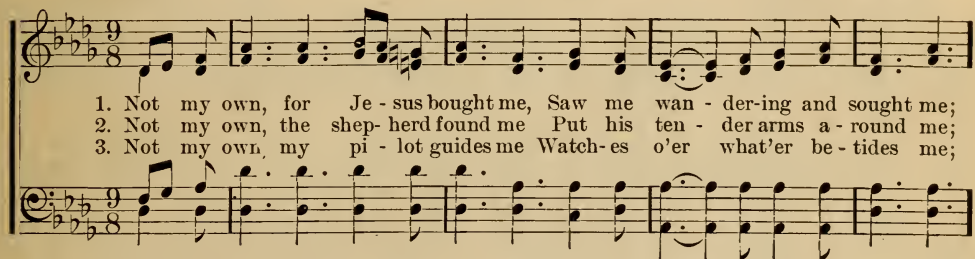
fast; If God be for us, his ban-ner o'er us, We'll sing the victor's song at last.  
vic - t'ry! vic - t'ry!

## No. 9.

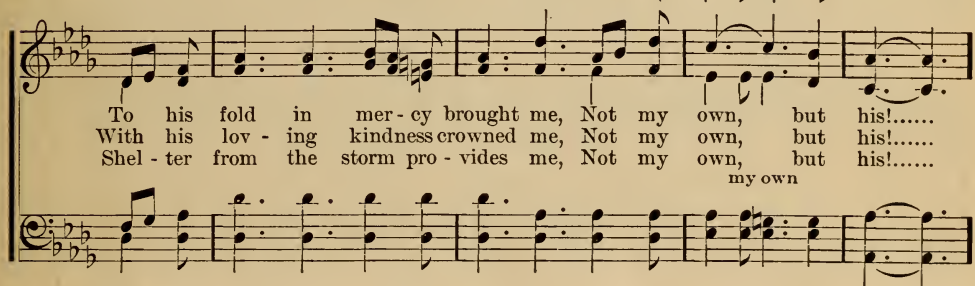
## Not My Own.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

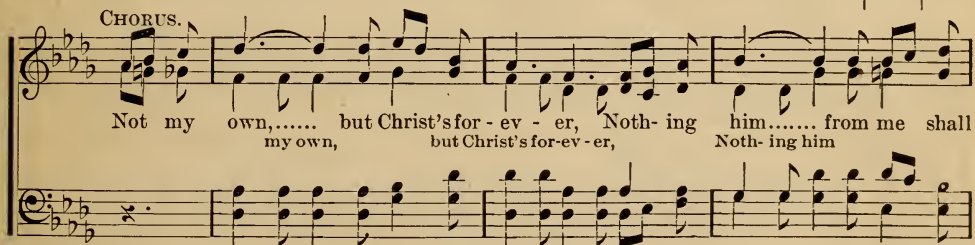
C. AUSTIN MILES.



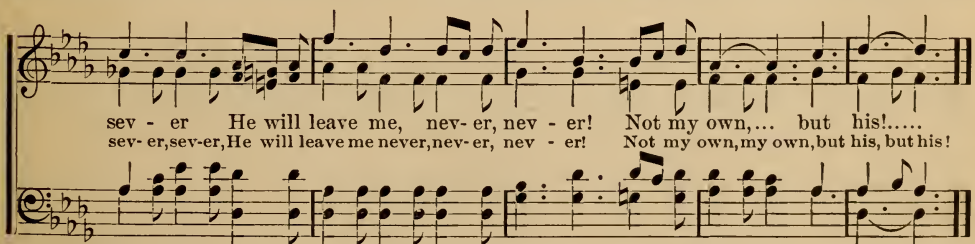
1. Not my own, for Je - sus bought me, Saw me wan - der-ing and sought me;  
2. Not my own, the shep - herd found me Put his ten - der arms a - round me;  
3. Not my own, my pi - lot guides me Watch - es o'er what'er be - tides me;



To his fold in mer - cy brought me, Not my own, but his!.....  
With his lov - ing kindness crowned me, Not my own, but his!.....  
Shel - ter from the storm pro - vides me, Not my own, but his!.....  
my own



CHORUS.  
Not my own,..... but Christ's for - ev - er, Noth - ing him..... from me shall  
my own, but Christ's for-ev-er, Noth - ing him



sev - er He will leave me, nev - er, nev - er! Not my own,... but his!.....  
sev - er, sev - er, He will leave me never, nev - er, nev - er! Not my own, my own, but his, but his!

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. "Who - so - ev - er," saith the Lord, And par - don for my sins I see;  
 2. Noth - ing but my - self I bring, And of my sins would par - doned be;  
 3. Should I fail to know his grace, Or turn a - way from Cal - v'ry's tree,  
 4. O - pen then, O pearl - y gates, And let my ransomed soul come in,

For I be - lieve and trust his word, And "who - so - ev - er" must mean me.  
 So, weep - ing, to thy cross I cling, For "who - so - ev - er" must mean me.  
 I'll cry, while look - ing in his face, That "who - so - ev - er" still means me.  
 My Sav - iour for my com - ing waits, His blood has cov - ered all my sin.

## CHORUS.

The word of God hath spo - ken In prom - is - es un - brok - en, And

par - don for my sins I see; There's light on Cal - v'ry's mountain, And

life in Calv'ry's fountain, And then there's "whoso - ev - er," and that means me!

## A Clean Heart.

WALTER C. SMITH.

FRED H. BYSHIE.

*Andante con espressione.*

1. One thing I of the Lord de - sire, For all my path hath mir - y been,  
 2. If clear - er vi - sion Thou im - part, Grate - ful and glad my soul shall be;  
 3. Yea, on - ly as this heart is clean May larg - er vi - sion yet be mine,  
 4. I watch to shun the mir - y way, And staunch the springs of guilt - y thought,

*Rit.*

Be it by wa - ter or by fire, O make me clean, O make me clean.  
 But yet to have a pur - er heart Is more to me, Is more to me.  
 For mirrored in its depths are seen The things di - vine, The things di - vine.  
 But, watch and strug - gle as I may, Pure I am not, Pure I am not.

*Rit.*

## REFRAIN.

So wash me, Thou, with - out, with - in, Or purge with fire, if that must be,  
 Wash me, Thou, with - out, within, Or purge with fire, if that must be,

*Rit.*

No mat - ter how, if on - ly sin Die out in me, Die out in me.  
 An - y - how, if only sin Die out in me, Die out, die out in me.

## I Never Can Forget.

FRANK E. GRAEFF.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. There is One who loved me tru-ly, and so well, That he came from heav'n for me,  
 2. There is One who bore my bur-den, O so great! Bore the shame of sin for me,  
 3. There is One who bought my pardon, full and free, Paid the price of sin for me,  
 4. There is One I love more dear-ly than all else, For he gave his life for me,

Died for me, on the tree, And I nev-er, no, I nev-er can for-get.  
 All for me, on the tree, And I nev-er, no, I nev-er can for-get.  
 E'en for me, on the tree, And I nev-er, no, I nev-er can for-get.  
 Yes, for me, on the tree, And I nev-er, no, I nev-er can for-get.

## CHORUS.

O I nev-er can for-get! O I  
 O I nev-er, no, I nev-er, O I nev-er can for-get! O I  
 O I nev-er can for-get!

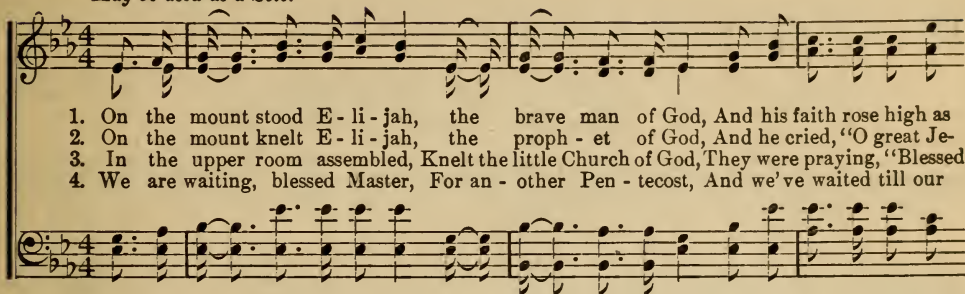
nev-er can for-get! How he died on Cal-va-ry,  
 nev-er, no, I nev-er can for-get, can for-get!  
 nev-er can for-get!

How he died to set me free, O I nev-er can for-get!  
 O I nev-er, no I nev-er can for-get!  
 O I nev-er can for-get!

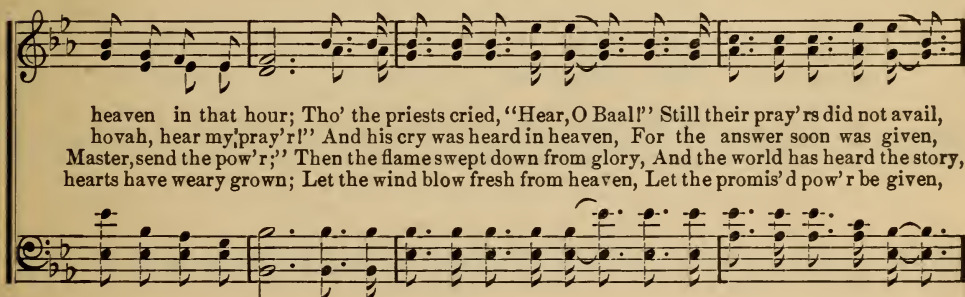
## When the Fire Came Down.

A. W. S.

ARTHUR WILLIS SPOONER.

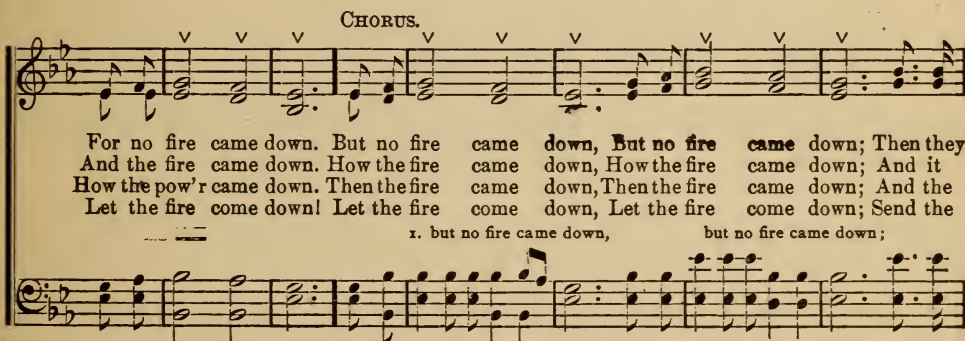
*May be used as a Solo.*


1. On the mount stood E - li - jah, the brave man of God, And his faith rose high as
2. On the mount knelt E - li - jah, the proph - et of God, And he cried, "O great Je-
3. In the upper room assembled, Knelt the little Church of God, They were praying, "Blessed
4. We are waiting, blessed Master, For an - other Pen - tecost, And we've waited till our



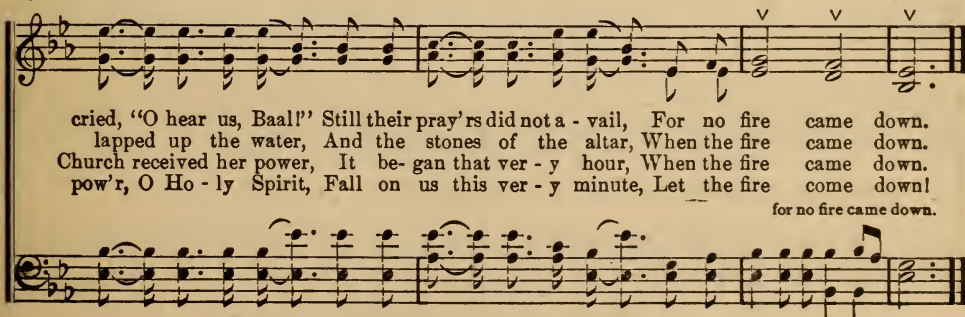
heaven in that hour; Tho' the priests cried, "Hear, O Baal!" Still their pray'rs did not avail,  
 hovah, hear my pray'r!" And his cry was heard in heaven, For the answer soon was given,  
 Master, send the pow'r;" Then the flames swept down from glory, And the world has heard the story,  
 hearts have weary grown; Let the wind blow fresh from heaven, Let the promis'd pow'r be given,

CHORUS.



For no fire came down. But no fire came down, But no fire came down; Then they  
 And the fire came down. How the fire came down, How the fire came down; And it  
 How the pow'r came down. Then the fire came down, Then the fire came down; And the  
 Let the fire come down! Let the fire come down, Let the fire come down; Send the

x. but no fire came down, but no fire came down;

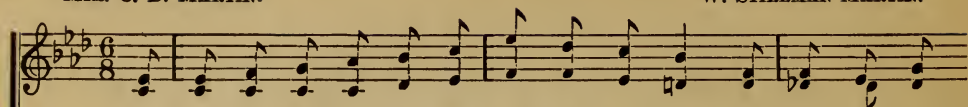


cried, "O hear us, Baal!" Still their pray'rs did not a - vail, For no fire came down.  
 lapped up the water, And the stones of the altar, When the fire came down.  
 Church received her power, It be - gan that ver - y hour, When the fire came down.  
 pow'r, O Ho - ly Spirit, Fall on us this ver - y minute, Let the fire come down!  
 for no fire came down.

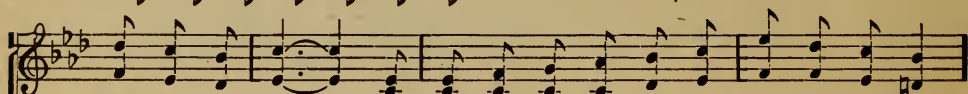
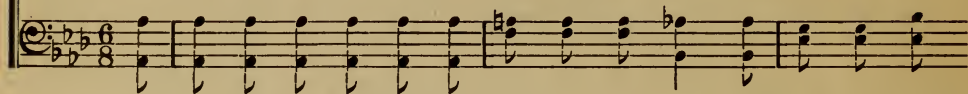
## His Love is an Ocean.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN.

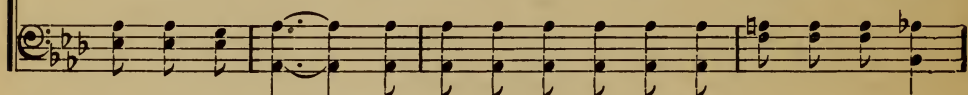
W. STILLMAN MARTIN.



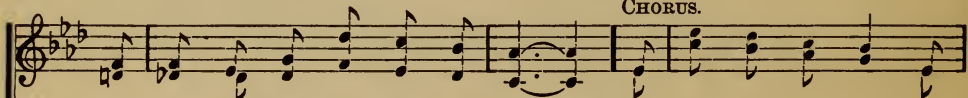
1. His love is an o - cean so boundless and deep, It reach - es from  
 2. His love is a mountain as high as his throne And cov - ered with  
 3. His love is a sunbeam, dif - fus - ing its light Wher - ev - er a



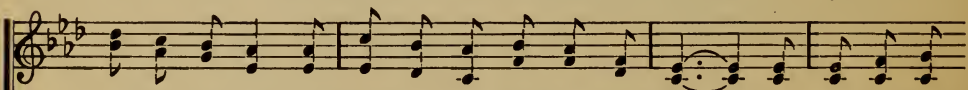
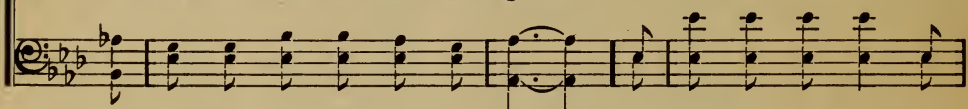
glo - ry to me; I'm borne on its cur - rent from sin and from self,  
 ver - dure so fair; With wings as an ea - gle his children may rise  
 sad heart is found; How quick - ly life's shadows de - part, and we seem



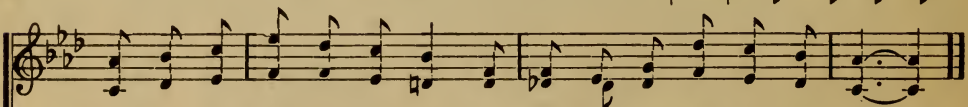
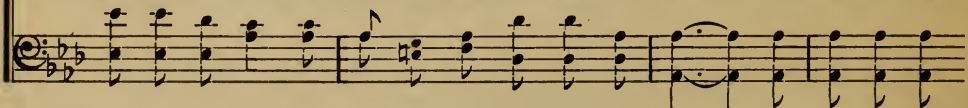
## CHORUS.



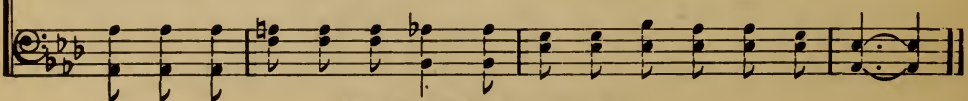
For - ev - er with Je - sus to be. } His won - der - ful love, his  
 Its beau - ty and bless - ings to share.  
 To walk on de - lec - ta - ble ground.



mar - vel - ous love, Its heights and its depths are un - known; I'm sure it has



reached to the depth of my sin, And up to the height of his throne.



## I Will Shout His Praise In Glory.

P. H. DINGMAN.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. You ask what makes me hap - py, my heart so free from care, It is because my  
 2. I was a friendless wand'r'er till Je - sus took me in, My life was full of  
 3. I wish that ev - 'ry sin - ner be - fore his throne would bow; He waits to bid them  
 4. I mean to live for Je - sus while here on earth I stay, And when his voice shall

Sav - iour in mer - cy heard my pray'r; He bro't me out of dark - ness and  
 sor - row, my heart was full of sin; But when the blood so pre - cious spoke  
 wel - come, he longs to bless them now; If they but knew the rap - ture that  
 call me to realms of end - less day; As one by one we gath - er, re -

now the light I see; O bless - ed, lov - ing Saviour! To him the praise shall be.  
 par - don to my soul; O bliss - ful, bliss - ful moment! 'Twas joy beyond control.  
 in his love I see, They'd come and shout sal - va - tion, and sing his praise with me.  
 joic - ing on the shore, We'll shout his praise in glo - ry, and sing for ev - ermore.

## CHORUS.

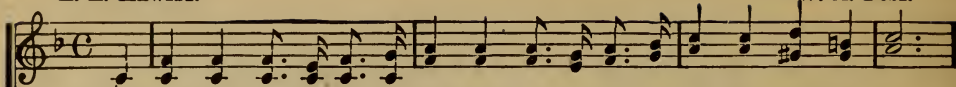
I will shout his praise in glo - ry, ..... So will I, so will I, And we'll

all sing hal - le - lu - jah in heaven by and by; I will :|| in heaven by and by.

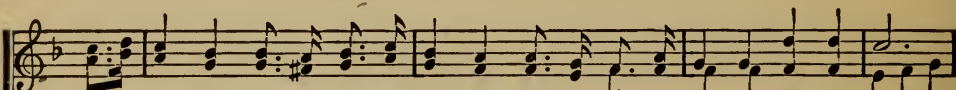
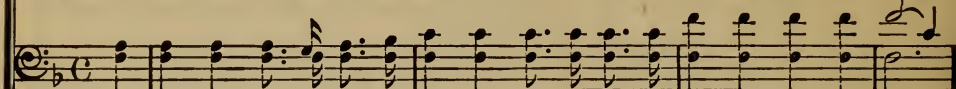
## Ship Ahoy!

E. E. HEWITT.

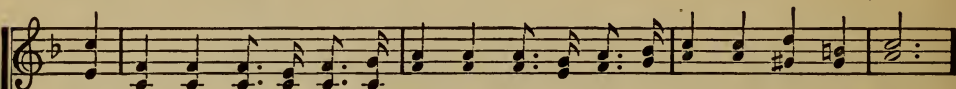
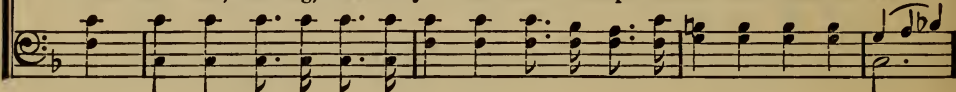
W. A. POST.



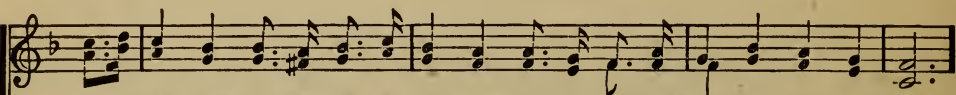
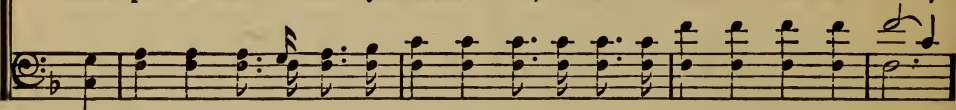
1. We're sail - ing, sailing o - ver life's great sea, And oth - er ships are passing by;  
 2. Lift up the beacon that shall guide the lost Un - to the ha - ven bright and fair;  
 3. We're sail - ing, sailing o - ver life's great sea, And not a - lone our way we take;



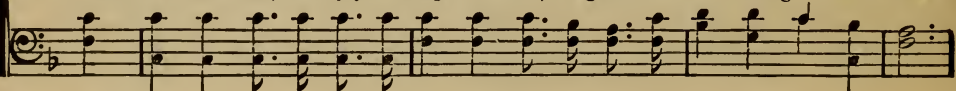
The mighty Saviour shall our Captain be, His star is shining in the sky.  
 O help the wand'ring and the tempest-tossed, That peace and shelter they may share.  
 For oth - ers, sailing, look to you and me! O help them for the Master's sake!



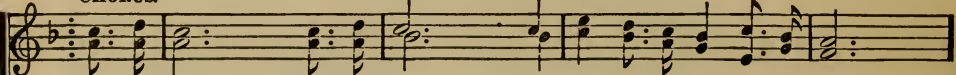
But while in safety we may glide a - long, Led by the Light that nev - er fails,  
 O bring the shipwrecked to the Life - boat true, Our Refuge in the wild - est storm;  
 The po - lar star of mer - cy shines a - bove, Our anchor holds for - ev - er more;



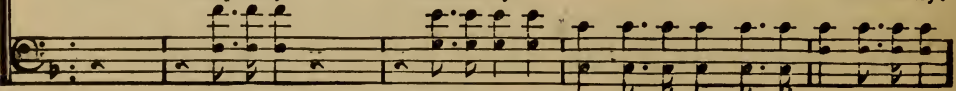
O hear the cry that ris - es full and strong From those who struggle with the gales.  
 Sing out with gladness and with hope a - new, Our Captain will his word per - form.  
 And dear ones wait, with joyful songs of love, To greet us on the gold - en shore.



## CHORUS.



Ship a - hoy! Hear the cry! "God save them," we fervently pray!  
 Ship ahoy! Hear the cry! Hear the cry!



# Ship Ahoy!—Concluded.

Ship a-hoy! Hear the cry! O haste to the res-cue to-day!  
 Ship a-hoy! Hear the cry! Haste to-day!

No. 17.

## O What A Change.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. O what a change from a world of de-spair, Glo - ry di-vine with my Sav-iour to share;  
 2. O what a change! yet he's always the same Par - don and peace not a-lone would I claim,  
 3. O what a change! Now his face I can see, Once hid from view now 'tis glorious to me;  
 4. O what a change when the garments I own Shall be replaced by a robe and a crown,

Where once was gloom now 'tis light ev-'ry-where, O what a change! O what a change!  
 There comes to all who be-lieve on his name O what a change! O what a change!  
 Once bound with sin, what a joy to be free, O what a change! O what a change!  
 When at his feet I my bur-dens lay down, O what a change! O what a change!

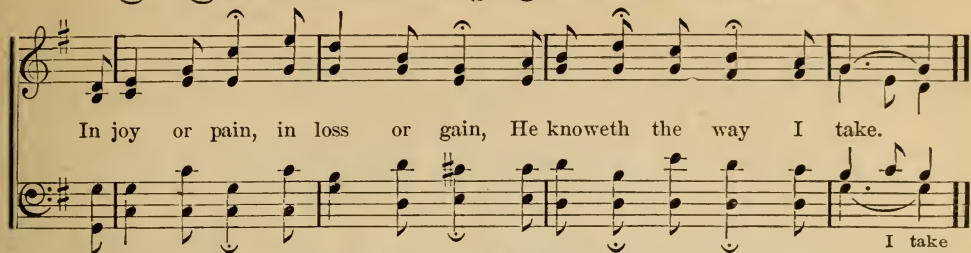
CHORUS.

O what a change from the burden of sin O what a change! O what a change!

*ad. lib.*  
 O what a change in my life there has been, O what a change!



# He Knoweth the Way I Take—Concluded.



In joy or pain, in loss or gain, He knoweth the way I take.

I take

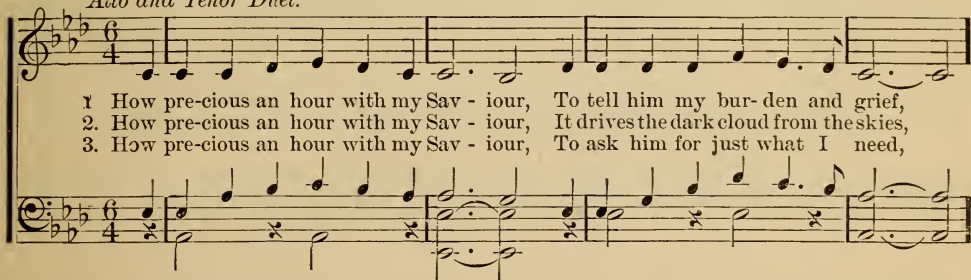
No. 19.

## An Hour With Jesus.

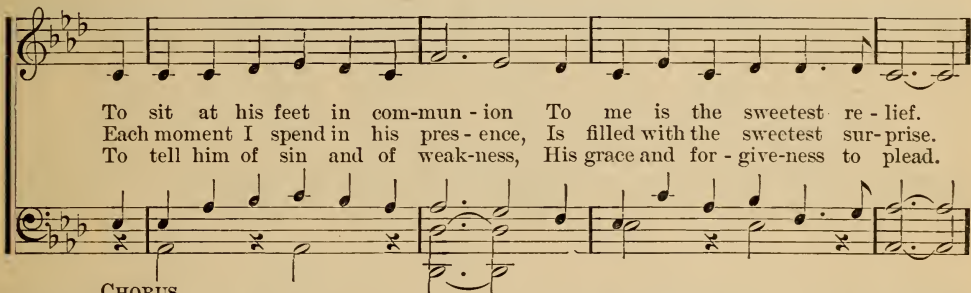
Mrs. E. D. MARTIN.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

*Alto and Tenor Duet.*

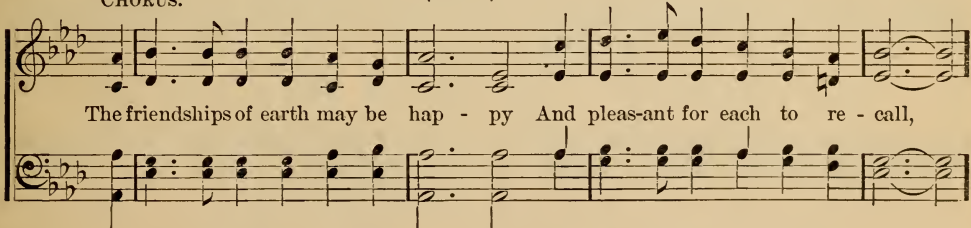


1. How pre-cious an hour with my Sav - iour, To tell him my bur - den and grief,  
 2. How pre-cious an hour with my Sav - iour, It drives the dark cloud from theskies,  
 3. How pre-cious an hour with my Sav - iour, To ask him for just what I need,

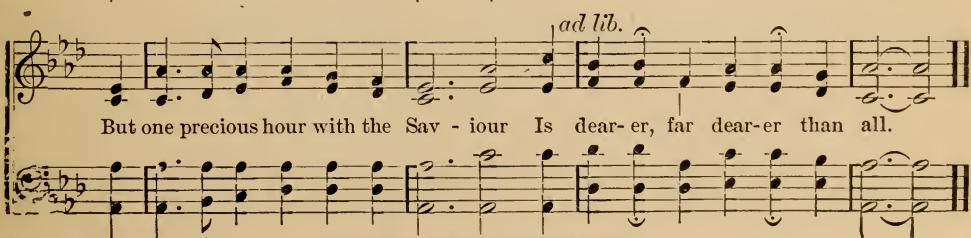


To sit at his feet in com-mun - ion To me is the sweetest re - lief.  
 Each moment I spend in his pres - ence, Is filled with the sweetest sur - prise.  
 To tell him of sin and of weak-ness, His grace and for - give-ness to plead.

CHORUS.



The friendships of earth may be hap - py And pleas-ant for each to re - call,

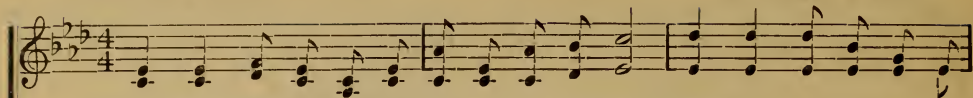


But one precious hour with the Sav - iour Is dear-er, far dear-er than all.

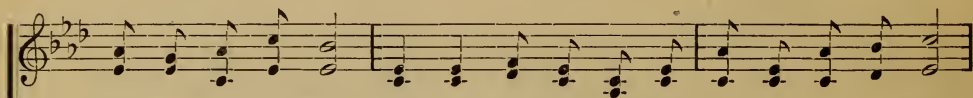
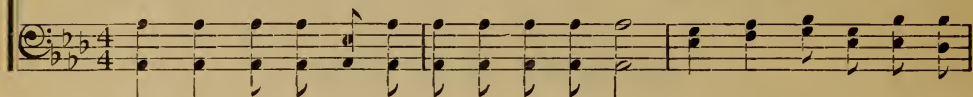
## O What Glory!

CIVILLA D. MARTIN.

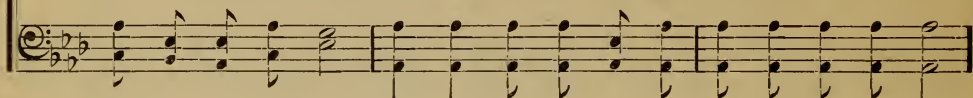
W. STILLMAN MARTIN.



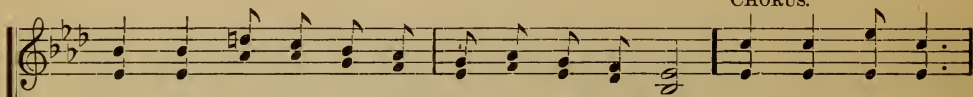
1. O what glo - ry when He saved me by His grace, When I saw the welcome  
 2. O what glo - ry as I triumph o - ver sin, As the precious blood of  
 3. O what glo - ry when the crowning days shall come, When the saved of earth shall



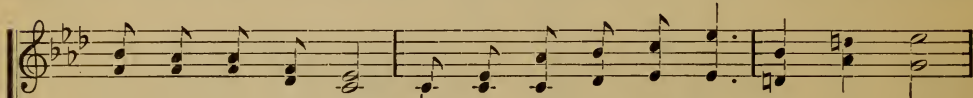
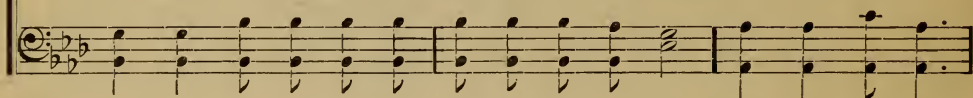
smile up - on his face; Since he took my feet from out the mir - y clay,  
 Je - sus makes me clean; As he comes to walk be - side me in the way,  
 all be gathered home; O what glo - ry when all tears are wiped a - way,



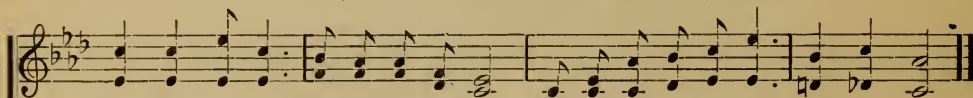
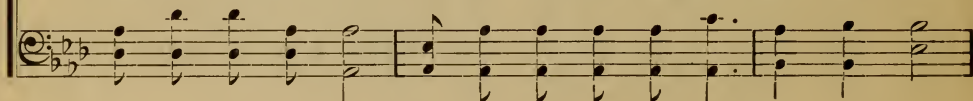
## CHORUS.



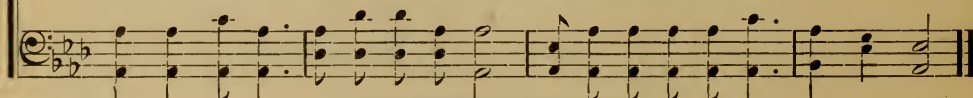
O what glo - ry I am find - ing ev - 'ry day!  
 O what glo - ry I am find - ing ev - 'ry day!  
 O what glo - ry shall be mine on that great day! } O what glo - ry



when our Lord shall come! Glo - ry in his kingdom, safe at home;



O what glo - ry, glo - ry all the way! I am finding glo - ry ev - 'ry day!



## He's Enough for Me.

BIRDIE BELL.

MARY HUBBERT MUNFORD.

1. In E-gypt long I lingered, Thro' ma-ny wea-ry years, My soul oppressed with  
 2. The God who sav'd from Egypt Led me from day to day, Thro' wil-derness so  
 3. I trav-el on in safe-ty, Still guid-ed by his hand, Where peace abides for-

bondage, My spir-it crush'd with fears; But God was then my Sav-iour, From  
 drear-y He was my guide and stay; Till from the wind-ing path-way Fair  
 ev-er, In Canaan's bor-der-land; In God I find my por-tion, Tho'

sin he set me free, I'll praise his name for-ev-er, For he's e-nough for me.  
 Ca-naan I could see, He brought me safe-ly o-ver, And he's e-nough for me.  
 earth-ly joys may flee, I need no oth-er treas-ure, For he's e-nough for me.

## CHORUS.

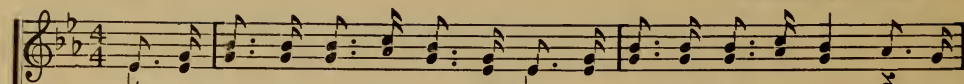
Yes, he's e-nough for me, My Sav-iour dear is he,  
 for me,

My keep-er and my por-tion, And he's e-nough for me.  
 for me.

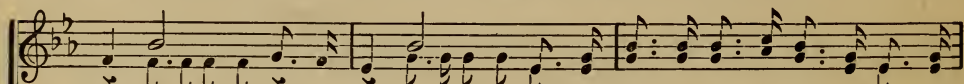
## I am On My Way to Heaven.

H. J. L.

HERBERT J. LACEY.

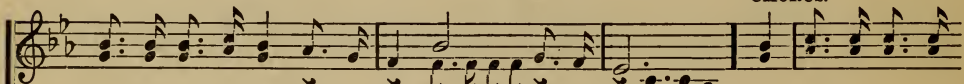


1. I am on my way to heav - en where the saints are robed in white, Shouting  
 2. I am on my way to heav - en where the streets are pav'd with gold, Shouting  
 3. I am on my way to heav - en, bless - ed land of pure de - light, Shouting  
 4. I am on my way to heav - en where I'll see my Saviour's face, Shouting

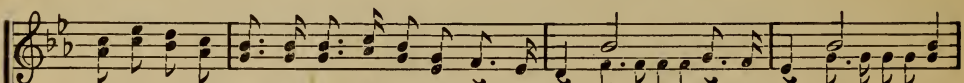


glo - ry, shouting glo - ry! To that bless - ed land im - mor - tal where can  
 glo - ry, shouting glo - ry! To the place of ma - ny mansions and of  
 glo - ry, shouting glo - ry! Where the bless'd of ev - 'ry na - tion and for -  
 glo - ry, shouting glo - ry! There I'll sing redemption's sto - ry, bless - ed  
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

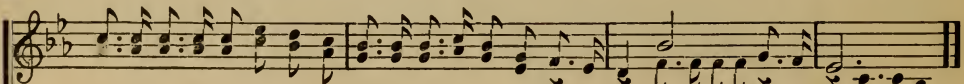
## CHORUS.



nev - er come the night, Shouting glo - ry all the way!  
 glo - ries yet un - told, Shouting glo - ry all the way!  
 ev - er cloth'd in white, Shouting glo - ry all the way!  
 song of sav - ing grace, Shouting glo - ry all the way!  
 Hal - le - lu - jah! all the way!



lu - jah! I am on the way to heav - en, Shouting glo - ry, shouting glo - ry! O  
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!



glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! I am on the way to heav - en, Shouting glo - ry all the way!  
 Hal - le - lu - jah! all the way!

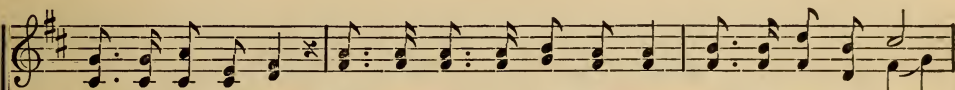
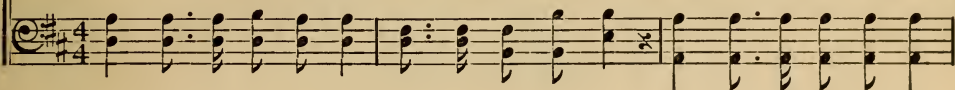
## Lifetime is Working Time.

Mrs. CARRIE E. BRECK.

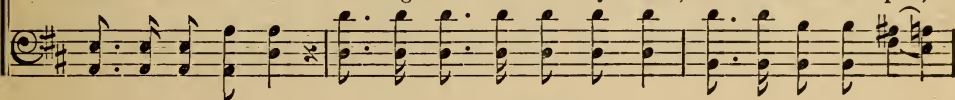
E. S. LORENZ.



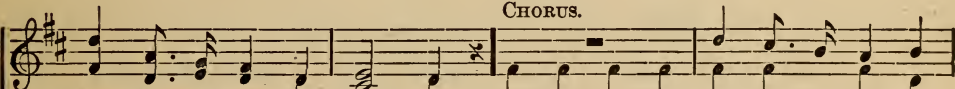
1. Life-time is work-ing time. Spend no i - dle days; Je - sus is call-ing thee
2. Life-time is work-ing time. Learn where du - ty lies; Grasp ev - 'ry pass-ing day
3. Life-time is work-ing time. Do thy hon - est part; Tho' in dis-cour-age-ments



On the har-vest ways. Work-ing with a will-ing hand, Sing a song of praise;  
As a pre-cious prize, Glad to help the sor-row-ing, Glad to sym-pa-thize;  
Bear a cheer-ful heart. Trust-ing Je - sus as thy Friend, Ne'er from him de-part,



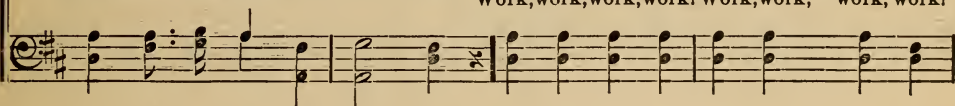
## CHORUS.



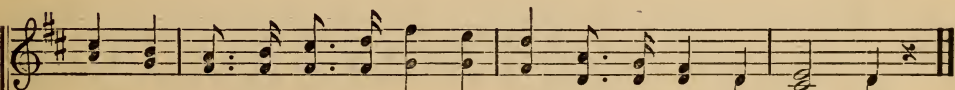
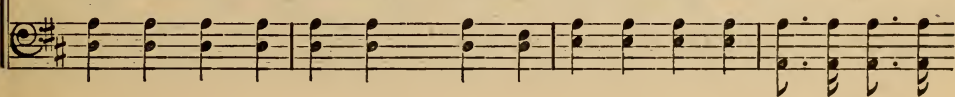
Work, ev - er work for Je - sus!

Swift-ly the hours of

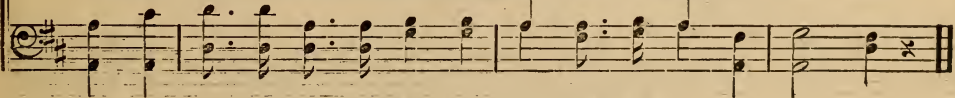
Work, work, work, work! Work, work, work, work!



la - bor fly, Freight-ed with love let each pass by! There is joy in  
Work, work, work, work! Work, work, work, work! Work, work, work, work!



la - bor for the strug-gling neigh-bor, Work, ev - er work for Je - sus!



## There's Grace and Glory Too.

T. M. EASTWOOD.

MARY HUBBERT MUNFORD.

1. O the grace of God is bound - less, It is like a high - ty sea,  
 2. There is grace for each temp - ta - tion, There is strength for ev - 'ry day,  
 3. 'For the grace that God has giv - en I will praise him in my song,

And it rolls on thro' the a - ges, Bear - ing love to you and me;  
 There's a lift for ev - 'ry bur - den That we car - ry on the way;  
 I will love him and will serve him, While my days of life pro - long;

But the Lord's so great in good - ness, That he o - pens heav'n to view,  
 There's a ref - uge from the tem - pest, There is help for all we do,  
 And when I shall get to heav - en, And my jour - ney I re - view,

And not on - ly gives us mer - cy, But he gives us glo - ry too.  
 And when we shall end the jour - ney, We will find there's glo - ry too.  
 Then I'll bless his name for ev - er, That there's grace and glo - ry too.

CHORUS.

There's grace..... and glo - ry too, There's grace..... and glo - ry  
 There's grace and glo - ry too, There's grace

# There's Grace and Glory Too.—Concluded.

too and glo-ry too, There's grace below for weal or woe, And then there's glo-ry too.

## No. 25.

## There Is Joy.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. When a soul re- turns from a life of sin, There is joy, there is joy;  
 2. When the lost is found ev - en an - gels sing, There is joy, there is joy;  
 3. When God's child re- turns, who has gone a - stray, There is joy, there is joy;  
 There is joy, there is joy;

When the pre- cious blood makes the heart all clean, There is joy, there is joy.  
 When a reb - el yields to the Lord, the King, There is joy, there is joy.  
 When he walks once more in the ho - ly way, There is joy, there is joy.  
 There is joy, there is joy.

### CHORUS.

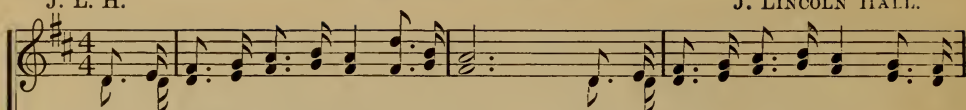
There is joy in the presence of the an - gels, And the courts of heav - en ring,

When a soul is won to the Fa - ther's Son, There is joy, sweet joy.  
 There is joy, sweet joy.

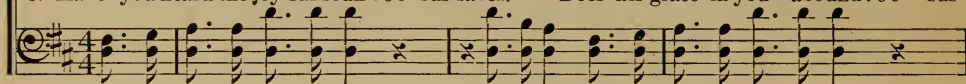
## Jesus Saves.

J. L. H.

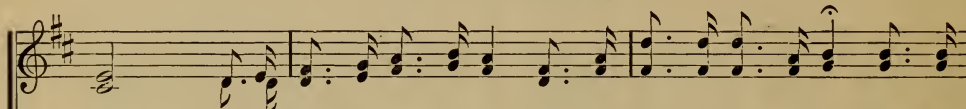
J. LINCOLN HALL.



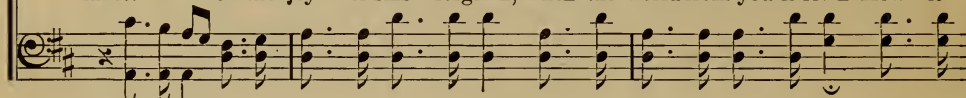
1. There's a mes-sage sweet and clear, Je- sus saves! Sweet-est words that man can hear, Je- sus  
 2. Tell that sin-ful men may know Je- sus saves! That a bless-ing he'll be-stow, Je- sus  
 3. Have you heard the joy-ful sound Je- sus saves! Does his grace in you abound? Je- sus



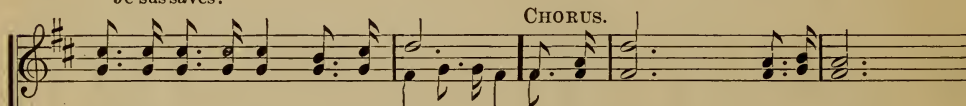
Je-sus saves



saves! Tell the mes- sage far and wide, Let it ring o'er wave and tide, That for  
 saves! Let the joy- ful tid- ings ring Of the ris- en Lord and King And re-  
 saves! O the joy of sins forgiv'n, When the world from you is riv'n How it



Je-sus saves!

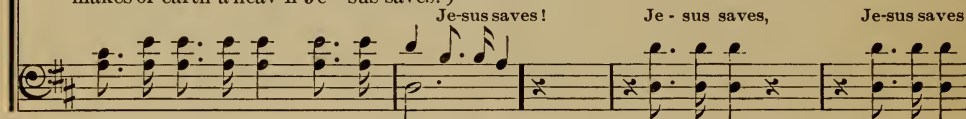


CHORUS.

all the world he died, Je- sus saves! }  
 demp-tion's sto-ry sing, Je- sus saves! }  
 makes of earth a heav'n Je- sus saves! }

Je- sus saves,

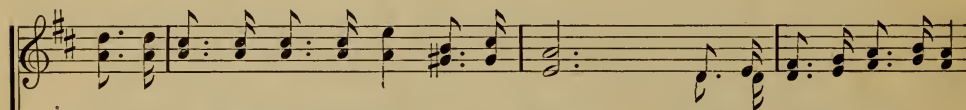
Je-sus saves!



Je-sus saves!

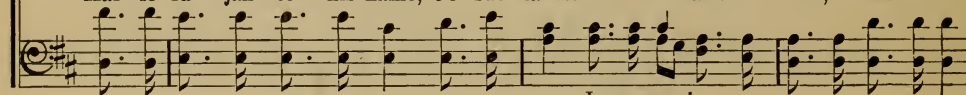
Je- sus saves,

Je-sus saves!

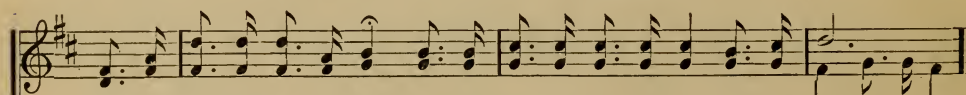


Hal-le-lu- jah to his name, Je- sus saves!

Praise the Lord, it reach-es me

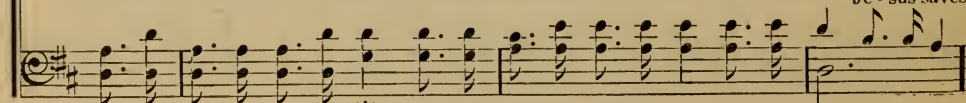


Je-sus saves!



This sal- va- tion full and free, And the cleans-ing stream I see, Je- sus saves!

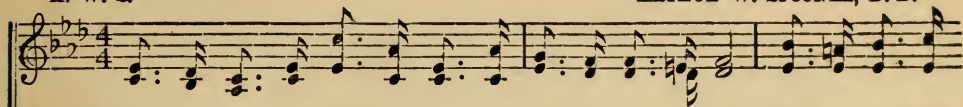
Je- sus saves!



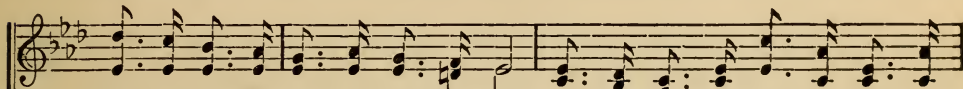
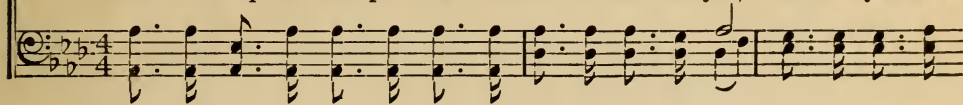
# Fix Your Eyes Upon the Cross.

A. W. S.

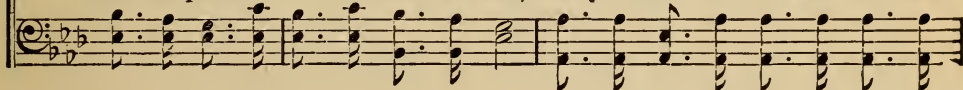
ARTHUR W. SPOONER, D. D.



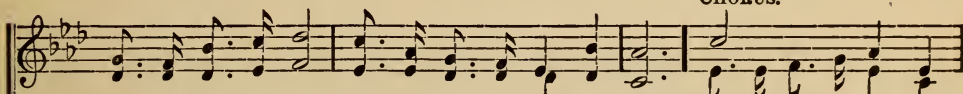
1. When up - on life's jour - ney you may think there's none to care, When your heart seems
2. When your sky is dark - ened with a heav - y cloud of sin, When your soul is
3. When the temp - ter whis - pers that the crown is not for you, Tell him you have



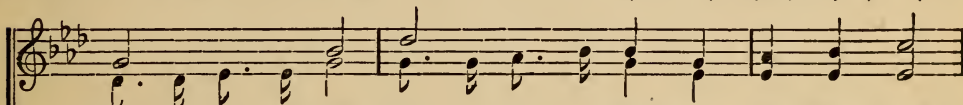
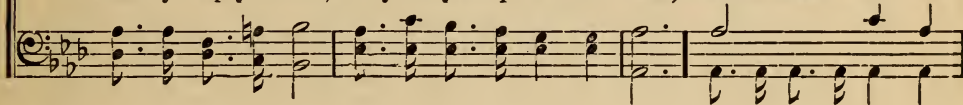
break - ing with its sor - row and de - spair; Je - sus stands be - side you, all your  
troub - led, and you have no peace with - in; Lift your eyes to heav - en, light and  
found the prom - is - es of God are true; Put your trust in Je - sus he will



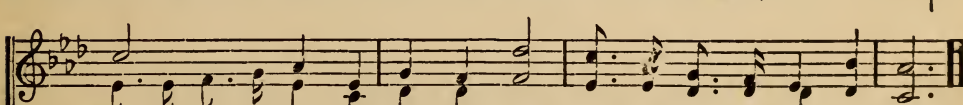
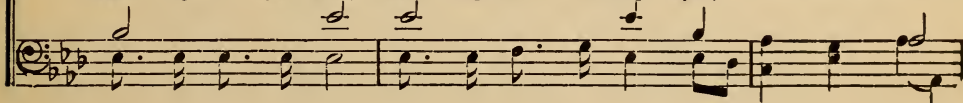
## CHORUS.



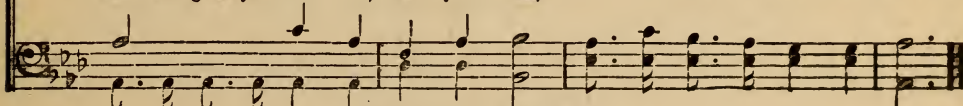
bur - dens glad to share, Fix your eyes up - on the cross. } Je - sus is  
joy will then be - gin, Fix your eyes up - on the cross. }  
sure - ly help you thro', Fix your eyes up - on the cross. } See the bless - ed Je - sus,



near stand - ing at your side, he Wait - ing now comes to be your Guide,  
to help you,



He'll bear your ev - 'ry loss, Fix your eyes up - on the cross.  
He will give you com - fort, bear your loss,



REV. W. H. VANDERHERCHEN.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. I will fol - low Je - sus in the nar - row way, By his grace will  
 2. Je - sus left the glo - ry of the up - per world, Self - de - ni - al's  
 3. I will fol - low Je - sus, I will seek the lost, Speak - ing words of  
 3. By his grace I'll fol - low him who did no sin, By his blood and

faith - ful be and will not stray; I will leave this world of sin, with  
 ban - ner he, him - self, un - furled; Hon - or, treas - ures, pleas - ures there he  
 com - fort to the tem - pest - tossed; I will seek to glad - den ev - 'ry  
 Spir - it will be pure with - in; I will suf - fer with him and will

all vain show, Walk - ing in his foot - prints, I will for - ward go.  
 did fore - go, For re - proach and dy - ing in this world be - low.  
 heart I meet; O this bless - ed fel - low - ship! It is so sweet.  
 faith - ful be, Work - ing, wait - ing, watch - ing till he comes for me.

## CHORUS.

Fol - low me, fol - low me, Who will fol - low me?  
 Fol - low, fol - low me, fol - low, fol - low me, who will fol - low me?

De - ny thy - self, take up thy cross, And fol - low, fol - low me. (follow me.)

MRS. C. D. MARTIN.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. When days of toil have all gone by, And I my dear Lord shall see,  
 2. The Fa - ther's house, the man - sions fair, My home shall for - ev - er be,  
 3. He saved me from my lost es - tate, From sin he has set me free,

A word of welcome when we shall meet I know will make heav'n for me.  
 But one sweet word from the Lord I love I know will make heav'n for me.  
 And just to see him when he shall come I know will be heav'n for me.

CHORUS.

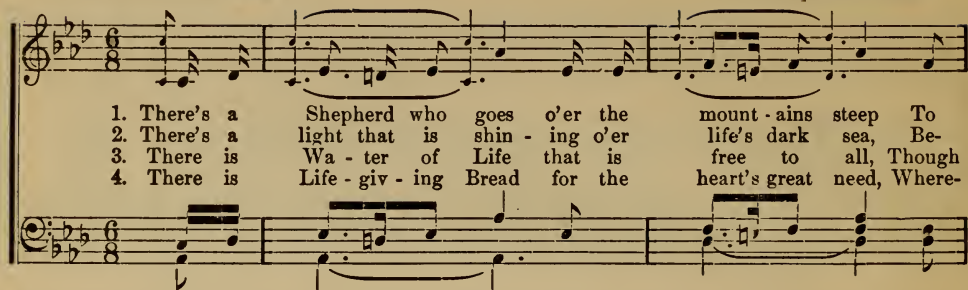
Heav - en for me,..... O..... it will be!..... When Je - sus  
 Heaven for me, O it will be! Heaven for me, O it will be! When Je - sus gives a

whis - pers a wel - come to me..... Heav - en for me,.....  
 welcome to me, a smile and a welcome to me, to me. Heaven for me, O it will be!

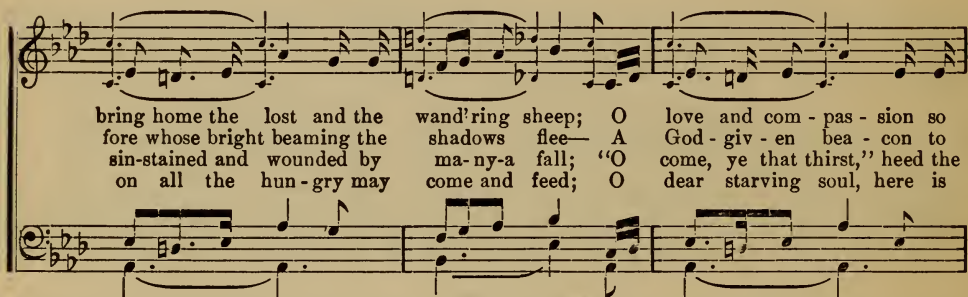
O..... it will be!..... When Je - sus whis - pers a wel - come to me.  
 Heaven for me, O it will be! When Jesus gives a welcome to me, a smile and a welcome to me.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

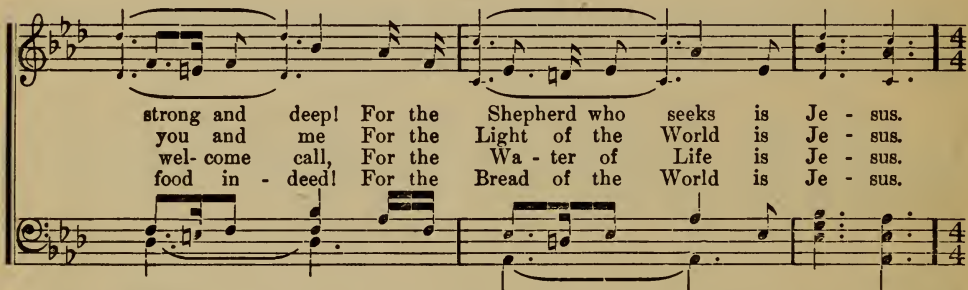
C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. There's a Shepherd who goes o'er the mount - ains steep To  
 2. There's a light that is shin - ing o'er life's dark sea, Be-  
 3. There is Wa - ter of Life that is free to all, Though  
 4. There is Life - giv - ing Bread for the heart's great need, Where-

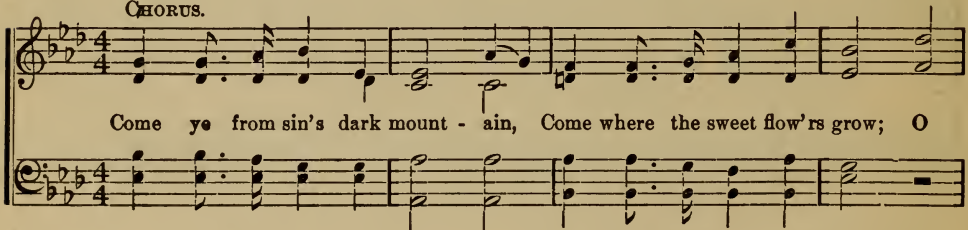


bring home the lost and the wand'ring sheep; O love and com - pas - sion so  
 fore whose bright beaming the shadows flee A God - giv - en bea - con to  
 sin-stained and wounded by ma - ny-a fall; "O come, ye that thirst," heed the  
 on all the hun - gry may come and feed; O dear starving soul, here is




strong and deep! For the Shepherd who seeks is Je - sus.  
 you and me For the Light of the World is Je - sus.  
 wel - come call, For the Wa - ter of Life is Je - sus.  
 food in - deed! For the Bread of the World is Je - sus.

## CHORUS.



Come ye from sin's dark mount - ain, Come where the sweet flow'rs grow; O

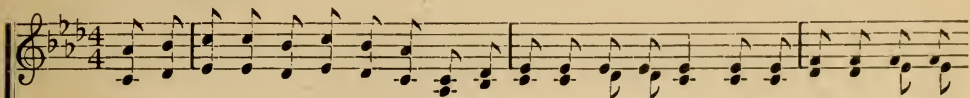


come ye to Calv'ry's fount - ain, Come where the liv - ing wa - ters flow.

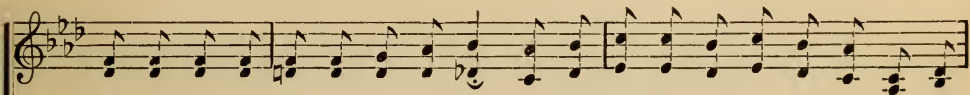
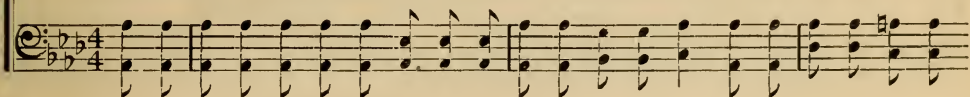
## He's the Glory of that Place.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN.

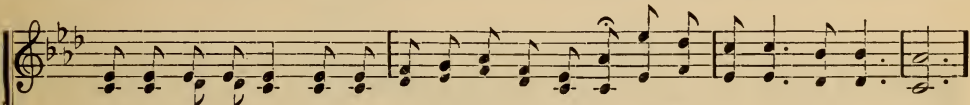
W. STILLMAN MARTIN.



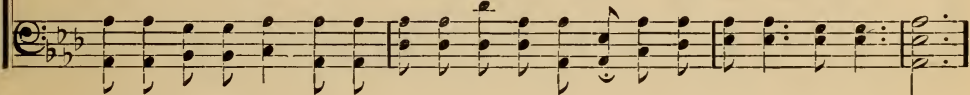
1. When my course on earth is finished, when my days of toil are o'er, When the veil is gently
2. I shall meet the friends I mourn for when the crowning day shall come; When my pilgrim days are
3. Faith has seen the dear Redeemer lift-ed up from earth to die, Now I long to sing his



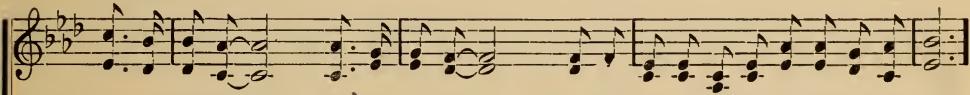
lift-ed 'twixt me and the glo-ry shore, I shall know my blessed Saviour, when I  
o-ver I shall know the joys of home; Best of all, I'll meet with Je-sus, saved for-  
prais-es with the ransomed in the sky, Long to share the joys e-ter-nal thro' the



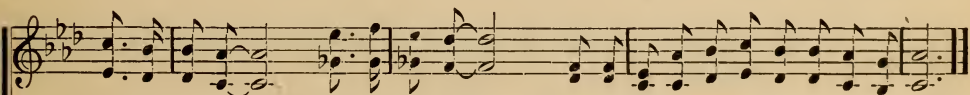
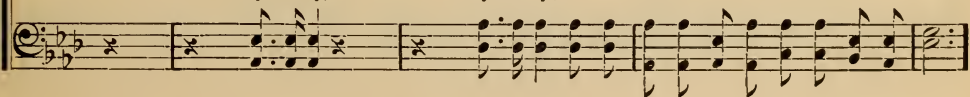
meet him face to face, He is all the light and glo-ry of that ho-ly, hap-py place.  
ev-er by his grace, He is all the light and glo-ry of that ho-ly, hap-py place.  
rich-es of his grace, Where he is the light and glo-ry of that ho-ly, hap-py place.



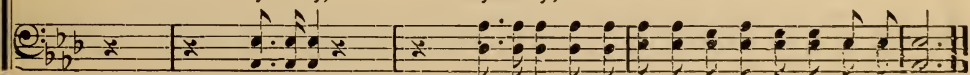
## CHORUS.



I shall know him, I shall know him, When come at last to meet him face to face;  
By and by, by and by;



I shall know him, I shall know him, He is all the light and glory of that place.  
By and by, by and by;



## I'm Trav'ling Another Way.

"When they had seen Jesus \* \* \* they traveled another way."

A. A. PAYN.

C. AUSTIN MILLER.

1. The wise men sought him and worshiped at his feet, Their treasures be-  
 2. In sin I wandered and found the way so dark, But long-ing and  
 3. No more I'm walk-ing a-long the road of sin, My pathway is

fore him to lay, And then, re-joic-ing, they sought their homes a-gain,  
 watching for day; My Sav-iour found me, and, since I heard his voice,  
 bright-er than day; For I've found Je-sus, and heard his pard'ning voice,

## CHORUS.

But they traveled an-oth-er way.  
 I am trav'ling an-oth-er way.  
 And I'm trav'ling an-oth-er way. } Since I found the Sav-iour, and

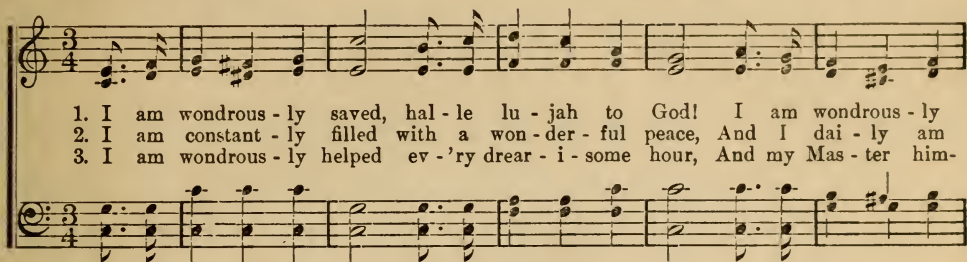
laid my burdens down, It's bet-ter ev-'ry day; Since I have seen

Je-sus, and heard his pard'ning voice, I am trav'ling an-oth-er way.

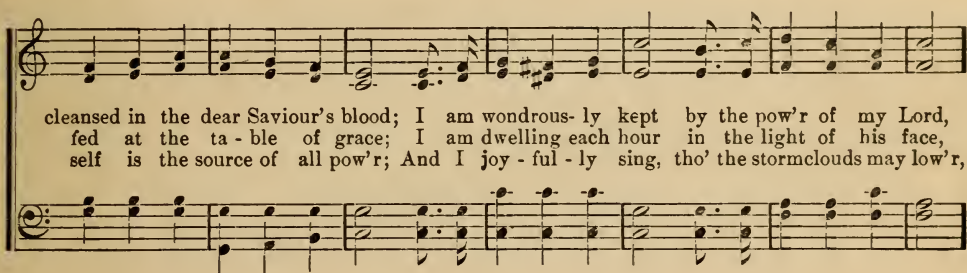
## Hallelujah! I'm Happy.

Mrs. C. D. Martin.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

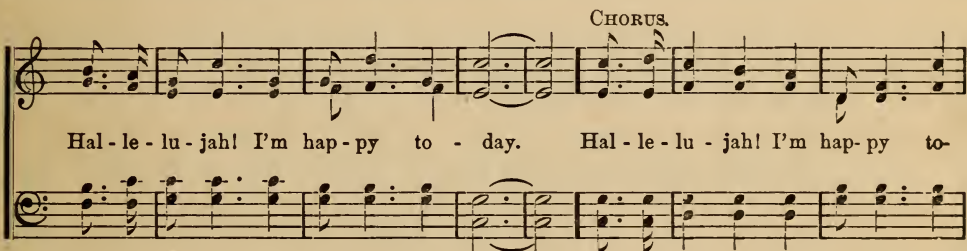


1. I am wondrous - ly saved, hal - le lu - jah to God! I am wondrous - ly  
 2. I am constant - ly filled with a won - der - ful peace, And I dai - ly am  
 3. I am wondrous - ly helped ev - 'ry drear - i - some hour, And my Mas - ter him -

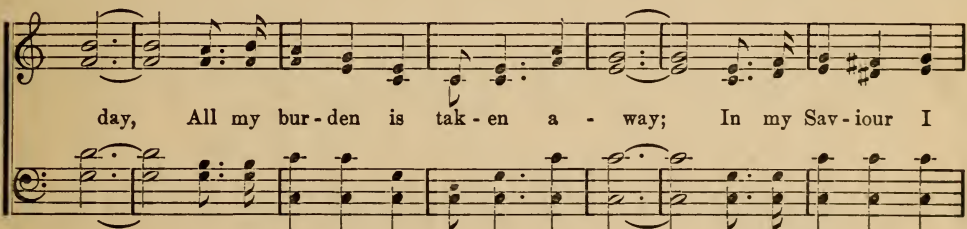


cleansed in the dear Saviour's blood; I am wondrous - ly kept by the pow'r of my Lord,  
 fed at the ta - ble of grace; I am dwelling each hour in the light of his face,  
 self is the source of all pow'r; And I joy - ful - ly sing, tho' the stormclouds may low'r,

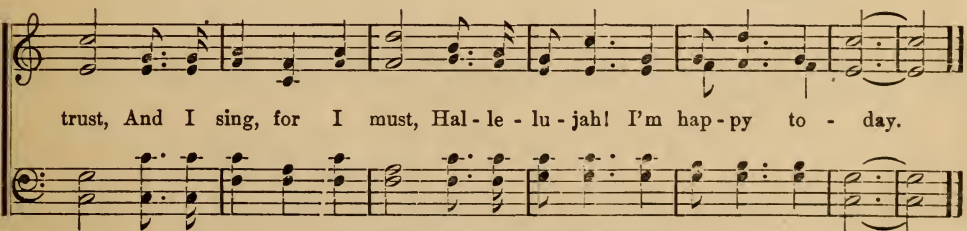
CHORUS.



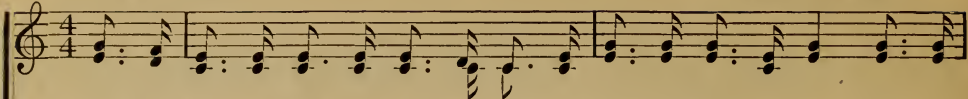
Hal - le - lu - jah! I'm hap - py to - day. Hal - le - lu - jah! I'm hap - py to -



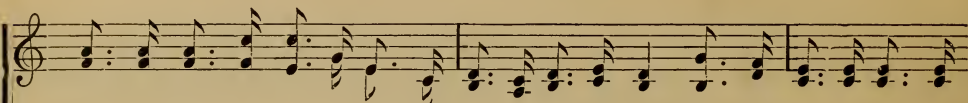
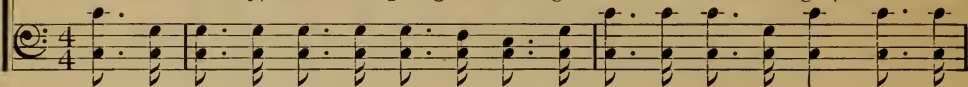
day, All my bur - den is tak - en a - way; In my Sav - iour I



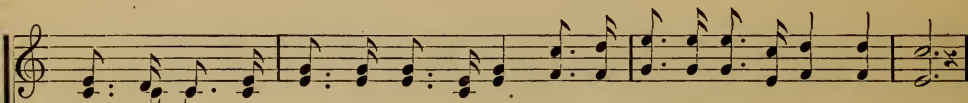
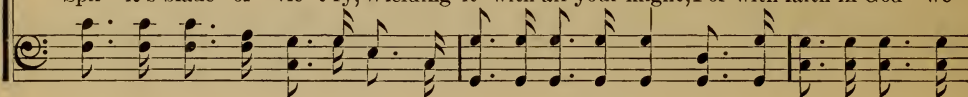
trust, And I sing, for I must, Hal - le - lu - jah! I'm hap - py to - day.



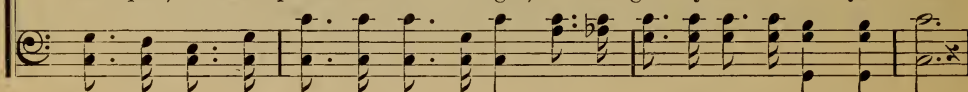
1. O the glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah Has been ring - ing thro' my soul, Ev - er
2. O the hal - le - lu - jah cho - rus Is a glori - ous one to sing, But the
3. I'm a hal - le - lu - jah pil - grim And I'll nev - er hold my peace, Till my
4. Then be read - y, faith - ful pil - grims To go for - ward in the fight, Take the



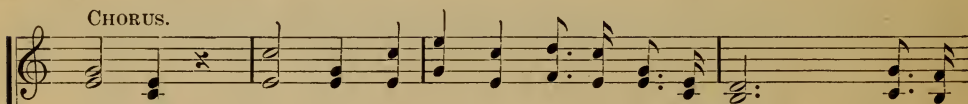
since I came to Je - sus, And his Spir - it made me whole; All my spir - it, soul and  
soul's true hal - le - lu - jah Is a - wakened by our King; For the joy of his sal -  
bless - ed Sav - iour tells me, Then, then on - ly will I cease To in - vite poor, hun - gry  
Spir - it's blade of vic - t'ry, Wielding it with all your might; For with faith in God we



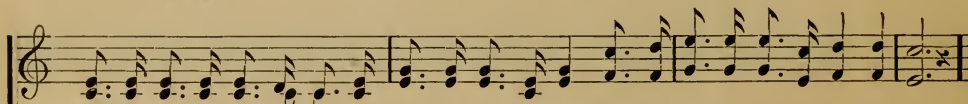
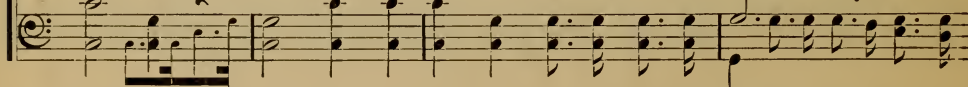
bod - y Now are un - der his control, On the glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah line.  
va - tion Makes the heart with mu - sic ring, On the glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah line.  
sin - ners, Come and share the gos - pel feast, On the glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah line.  
con - quer, And we'll praise him with de - light, On the glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah line.



## CHORUS.



Glo - ry, glo - ry, O yes, 'tis glo - ry in my soul, Ev - er  
Hal - le - lu - jah!



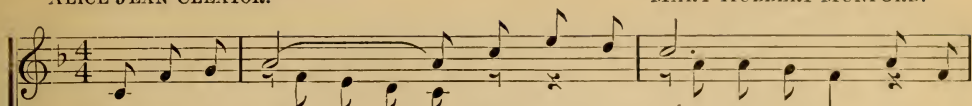
since I came to Je - sus, And his Spir - it made me whole, I've been on the hal - le - lu - jah line.



## Jesus Calls You Home.

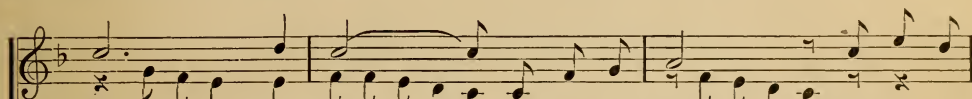
ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

MARY HUBBERT MUNFORD.



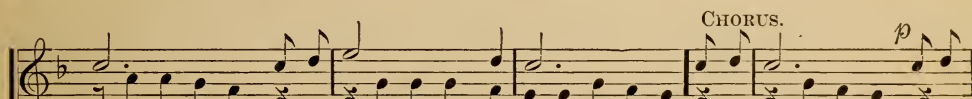
1. O ye who walk..... the paths of sin, Je - sus  
 2. The storms are wild..... To re - fuge fly! Je - sus  
 3. No long - er wait..... but trust his pow'r, Je - sus

O ye who walk the paths of sin,



calls you home!..... The door swings wide! haste en - ter  
 calls you home!..... O come a - way! why will ye  
 calls you home!..... His par-don you may know this

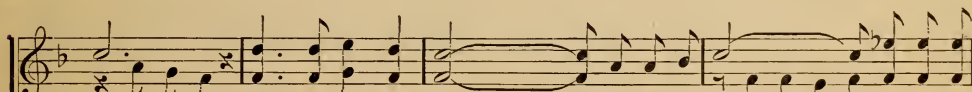
Je - sus calls you home, he calls you home! The door swings wide!



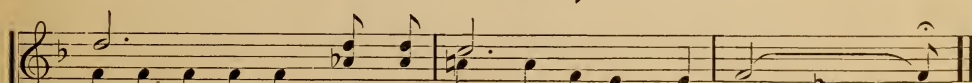
CHORUS.

in, Je - sus calls you home! } Je - sus calls, soft-ly  
 die; Je - sus calls you home! }  
 hour! Je - sus calls you home! }

Haste en - ter in, Je - sus calls you home, he calls you home! Je - sus calls,



calls, Haste, no long - er roam! The door swings wide!..... O en - ter  
 soft - ly calls, no long - er roam! The door swings wide!

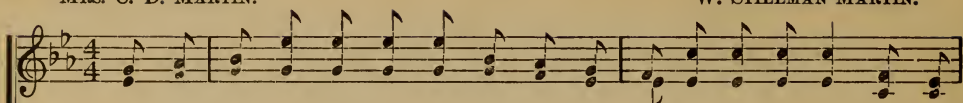


in! Je - sus calls you home!.....  
 O en - ter in! Je - sus calls you home, he calls you home!

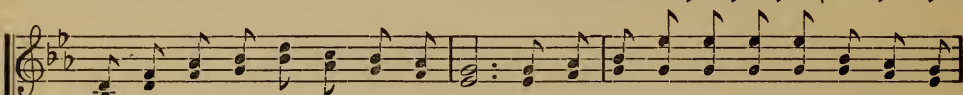
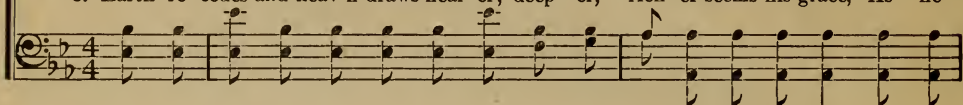
# I Know I Love Him Better.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN.

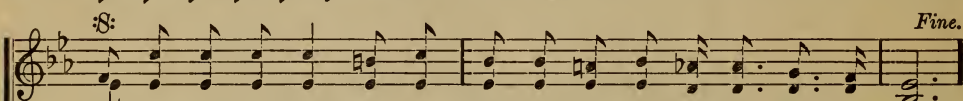
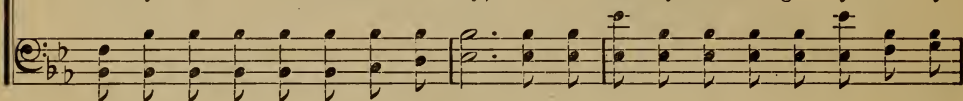
W. STILLMAN MARTIN.



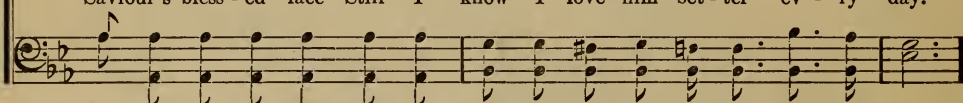
1. I have found the Saviour precious, he is all in all to me, From all
2. Earthly friends may soon for - get me, earthly treasures will grow dim, But the
3. Earth re - cedes and heav'n draws near - er; deep - er, rich - er seems his grace, As he



i - dols he has won my heart a - way; I'm re - joicing in the pow - er that from  
friendship of my Saviour is for aye; Ev - 'ry need for ev - 'ry moment I am  
dai - ly walks be - side me in the way; Tho' a veil may hide the glo - ry of my

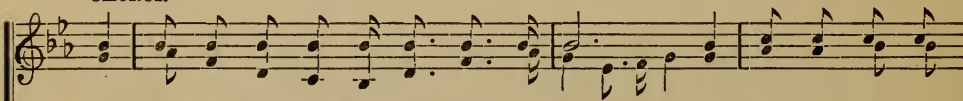


sin has made me free, And I know I love him bet - ter ev - 'ry day.  
sure to find in him And I know I love him bet - ter ev - 'ry day.  
Saviour's bless - ed face Still I know I love him bet - ter ev - 'ry day.

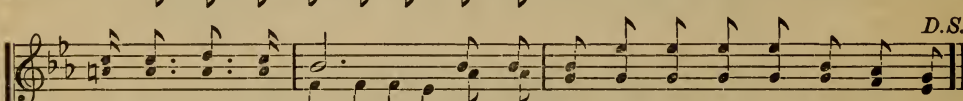
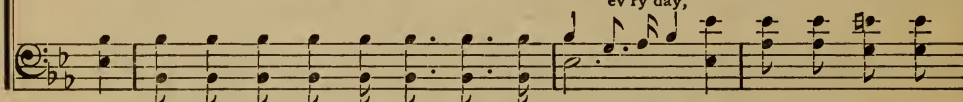


*D.S.*—sin has made me free, And I know I love him bet - ter ev - 'ry day.

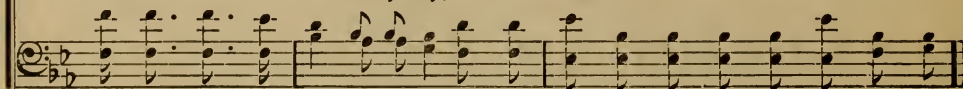
## CHORUS.



I know I love him bet - ter ev - 'ry day, *ev'ry day,* I know I love him



bet - ter ev - 'ry day; *ev'ry day;* I'm re - joic - ing in the pow - er that from



REV. W. H. VANDERHERCHEN.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. I once was a wand'rer and far from my God, The broad road to ru - in I  
 2. All glo - ry to Je - sus! I'm in the good way, My pathway grows brighter un -  
 3. And when in the val - ley I come to pass thro', He then will be with me and  
 4. And then with the ransomed to Zi - on we'll come, With joy ev - er - last - ing we'll

con - stant - ly trod; I sought the dear Sav - iour, who set me a - right, And  
 to per - fect day; It is so de - light - ful to walk in the light And  
 com - fort me, too; I then shall be hap - py as mor - tal can be, From  
 sing 'round his throne, The King in his beau - ty for - ev - er shall reign, We'll

CHORUS.

now I am hap - py by day and by night.  
 know his blood cleans - eth by day and by night. } Glo - ry to God, I'm  
 sin, pain and sor - row for - ev - er be free.  
 shout Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men and a - men.

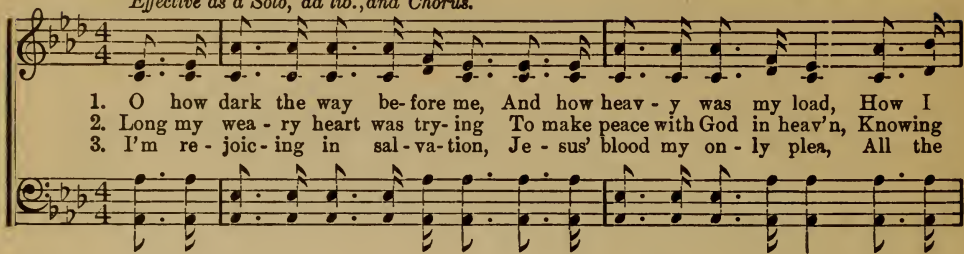
in the good way, I'm in the good way, I'm in the good way;

Glo - ry to God, I'm in the good way, And hap - py by night and day.

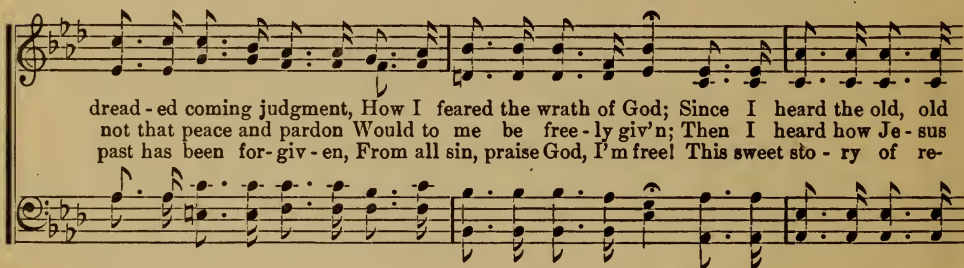
## The Old Account was Settled.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN.

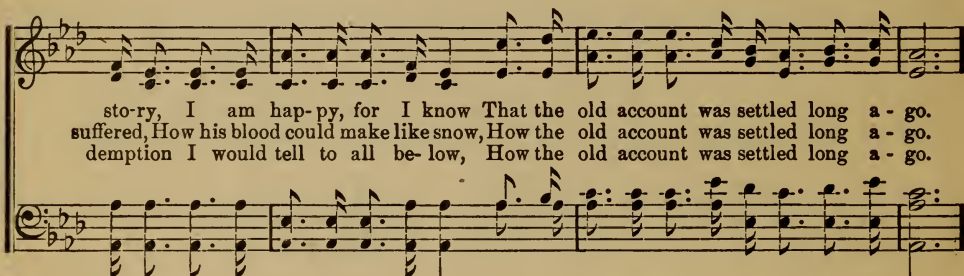
W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

*Effective as a Solo, ad lib., and Chorus.*


1. O how dark the way be-fore me, And how heav-y was my load, How I  
 2. Long my wea-ry heart was try-ing To make peace with God in heav'n, Knowing  
 3. I'm re-joic-ing in sal-va-tion, Je-sus' blood my on-ly plea, All the

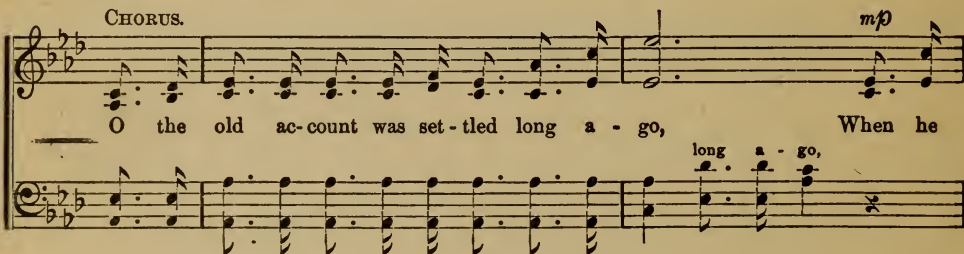


dread-ed coming judgment, How I feared the wrath of God; Since I heard the old, old  
 not that peace and pardon Would to me be free-ly giv'n; Then I heard how Je-sus  
 past has been for-giv-en, From all sin, praise God, I'm free! This sweet sto-ry of re-

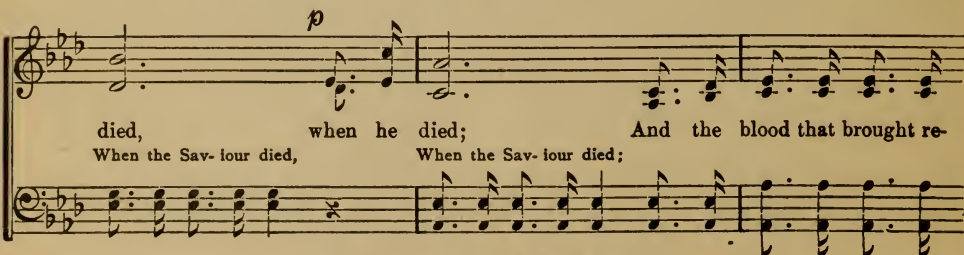


sto-ry, I am hap-py, for I know That the old account was settled long a-go.  
 suffered, How his blood could make like snow, How the old account was settled long a-go.  
 demption I would tell to all be-low, How the old account was settled long a-go.

## CHORUS.



O the old ac-count was set-tled long a-go, When he



died, when he died; And the blood that brought re-  
 When the Sav-our died, When the Sav-our died;

# The Old Account was Settled.—Concluded.

demption came, I know, From his side, from his side.  
came, I know, From his wounded side,

No. 39.

## The Blessing Will Descend.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Tho' oft thy pray'rs seem all in vain, Tho' God may seem no help to lend,  
2. The pow'r of pray'r can nev - er die Till time and all its scenes shall end;  
3. The love of God that sleep - eth not, A - bove the world doth ev - er bend;

Keep pray - ing on, O Chris - tian heart, And the bless - ing will de - scend!  
Pray on and, from the throne on high, O the bless - ing will de - scend!  
O let thy pray'rs with faith be fraught, And the bless - ing will de - scend!

CHORUS.

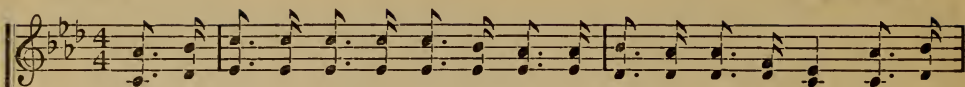
With a Pen - te - cost - al show'r, O the bless - ing will de - scend;

Keep pray - ing on, with old - time pow'r, And the bless - ing will de - scend!

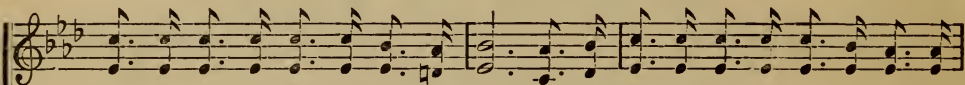
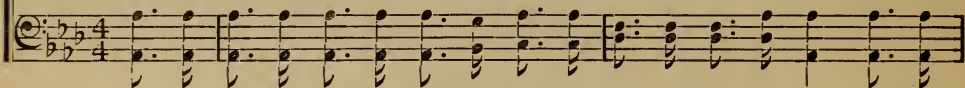
## When the Roll is Called.

B. M. J.

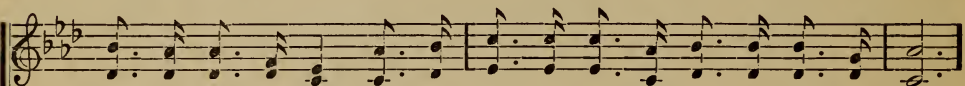
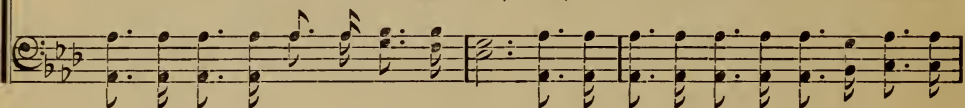
J. M. BLACK.



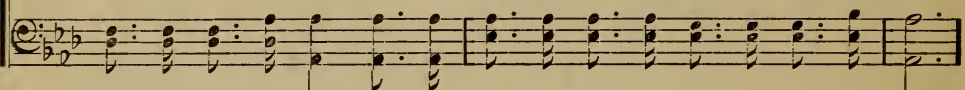
1. When the trum- pet of the Lord shall sound and time shall be no more, And the
2. On that bright and cloudless morning, when the dead in Christ shall rise And the
3. Let us la- bor for the Mas- ter, from the dawn till set- ting sun; Let us



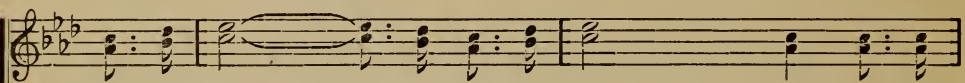
morning breaks e- ter- nal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall gather o- ver  
 glo- ry of his res- ur- rec- tion share; When his chos- en ones shall gather to their  
 talk of all his wondrous love and care; Then, when all of life is o- ver and our



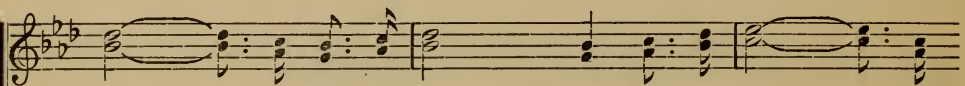
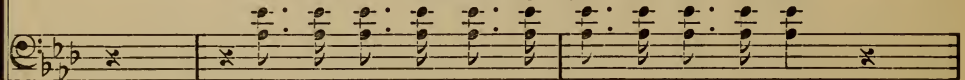
on the oth- er shore, And the roll is called up yon- der, I'll be there.  
 home be- yond the skies, And the roll is called up yon- der, I'll be there.  
 work on earth is done, And the roll is called up yon- der, we'll be there.



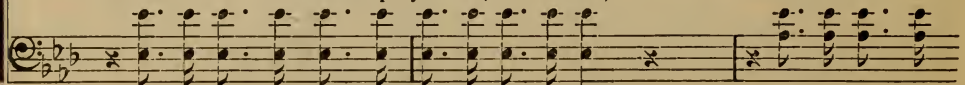
## CHORUS.



When the roll..... is called up yon - - der, When the  
 When the roll is called up yon- der, I'll be there,



roll..... is called up yon - - der, When the roll..... is  
 When the roll is called up yon- der, I'll be there, When the roll is



# When the Roll is Called.—Concluded.

called up yon - der, When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.

No. 41.

## A Higher Life.

J. L. H.

(CONSECRATION.)

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. The cares and toils of life may come And bur - dens on me roll,  
 2. Tho' sor - rows come and tem - pests beat And all a - round is sin,  
 3. Lord give me but a sim - ple trust, A faith on thee to call,  
 4. Just now, O Lord, while wait - ing here Thy prom - is - es ful - fill

Lord lift me to a high - er life Where naught can harm my soul.  
 Yet, then de - spite the world's dis - may I have a peace with - in.  
 No mat - ter what this life may bring To live a - bove it all.  
 Give us the Pen - te - cos - tal pow'r To do thy ho - ly will.

CHORUS.

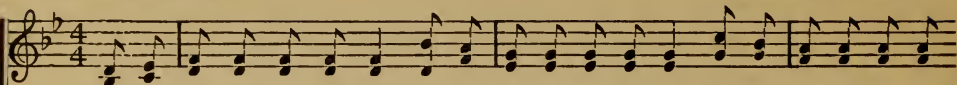
A high - er life, a broad - er love To con - se - crat - ed be,

Lord lift me up to bet - ter things Where all is lost in thee.

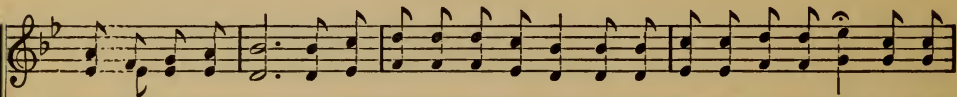
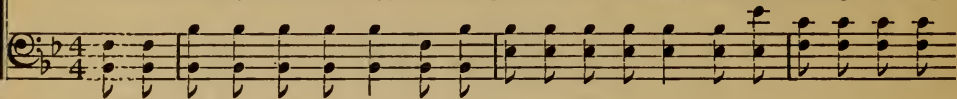
## Never Known to Fail.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

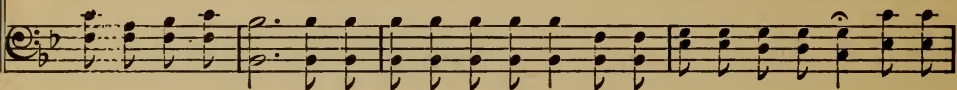
HERBERT J. LACEY.



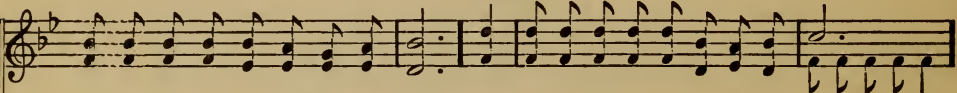
1. O the prom- is - es of God Long have Satan's might withstood, And no pow'r of darkness
2. O the mighty hand of time Fashions many-a work sublime, Yet the tide of years their
3. Trust those holy words to - day, Let them guide you on life's way, Seek their refuge in temp-



o'er them shall prevail; They are builded sure and strong For the conflict with the wrong, And those  
splendor shall assail; But the Word of God, this hour, Thrills with all the old-time pow'r, For those  
tation's roughest gale; Strength and courage they shall lend, Pow'r from heaven shall descend, For those

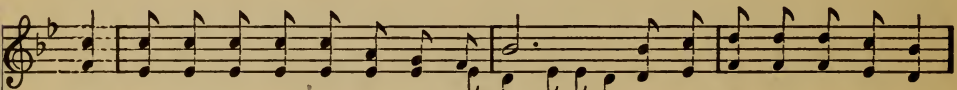
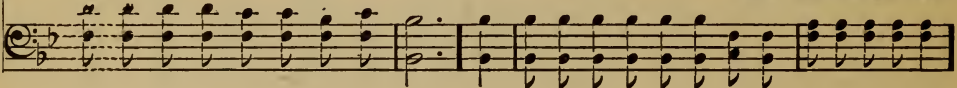


## CHORUS.



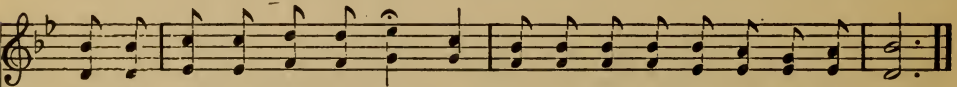
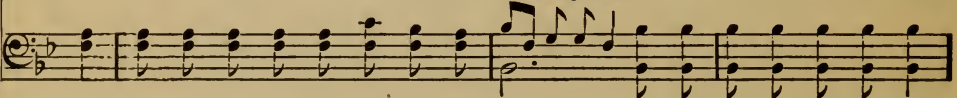
prom- is - es were never known to fail! God's promises were never known to fail!

were never known to fail!

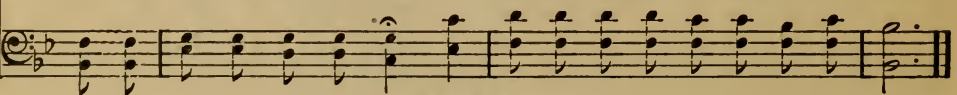


No pow'r of darkness o'er them shall pre- vail! They are builded sure and strong

shall prevail!



For the con- flict with the wrong, God's prom- is - es were nev - er known to fail!



## I'm a Pilgrim.

MARY S. B. DANA.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger; I can tar-ry, I can  
 2. Of that cit-y, to which I jour-ney, My Re-deem-er, my Re-  
 3. There the sunbeams are ev-er shin-ing, O my long-ing heart, my

tar-ry but a night! Do not de-tain me, for I am go-ing  
 deem-er, is the light; There is no sor-row, nor an-y sigh-ing,  
 long-ing heart is there; Here in this coun-try, so dark and drear-y,

## CHORUS.

I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a

To where the fountains are ev-er flow-ing; }  
 Nor an-y tears there, nor an-y dy-ing. } I'm a pil-grim, I'm a pil-grim, and a  
 I long have wander'd for-lorn and wea-ry: }

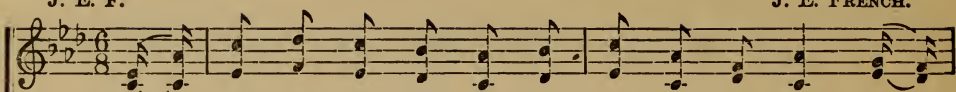
stran-ger; I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night; I'm a  
 stranger, and a stranger; tar-ry, tar-ry, tar-ry but a night;

pil-grim, and I'm a stranger; I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night!  
 pilgrim, I'm a pilgrim, and a stranger, and a swanger, tar-ry. tar-ry, tarry but a night.

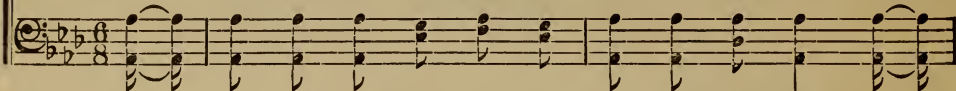
## He Threw Out the Life-Line to Me

J. E. F.

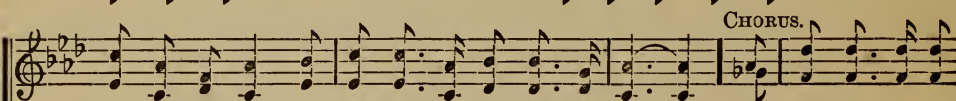
J. E. FRENCH.



1. I was wrecked on a rock - y and des - o - late shore, Sink-ing
2. The bil - lows were dash - ing, the waves roll - ing high, No
3. When all was con - fus - ion midst dark bil - lows' roll, No
4. And now as I wan - der I sing as I go, His
5. Your sins like the bil - lows a - round you may rise, And



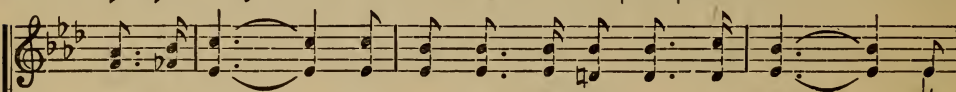
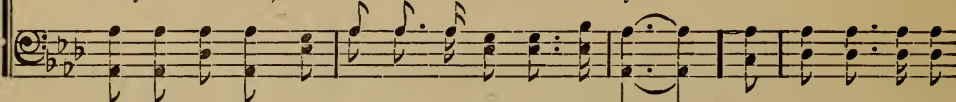
slow - ly be - neath the wild sea; When all of my struggles and  
 help from the land could I see, When hope had all van-ished and  
 light thro' the gloom could I see, By trust - ing him ful - ly he  
 mer - cy is bound - less and free, And tell the glad sto - ry, that  
 dang - ers your frail bark pur - sue, There's one who will heed you and



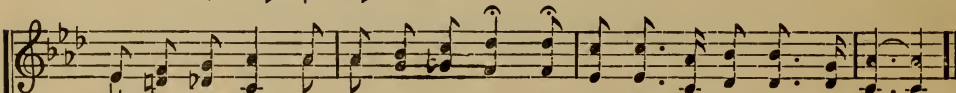
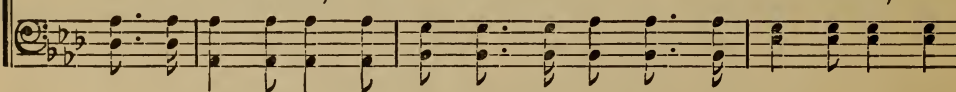
## CHORUS.

ef - ferts were o'er, Christ threw out the life-line to me.  
 dan - ger was nigh, Christ threw out the life-line to me.  
 res - cued my soul, Christ threw out the life-line to me.  
 oth - ers may know, Christ threw out the life-line to me.  
 hear your faint cries, He'll throw out the life-line to you.

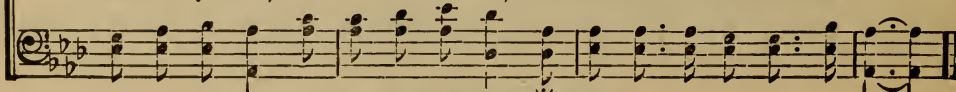
He threw out the life-

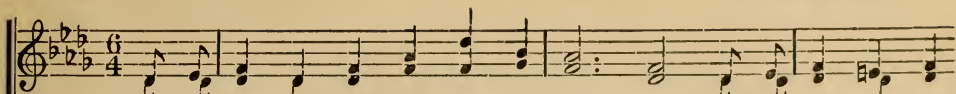


line to me, He threw out the life - line to me, From  
 to me, to me,

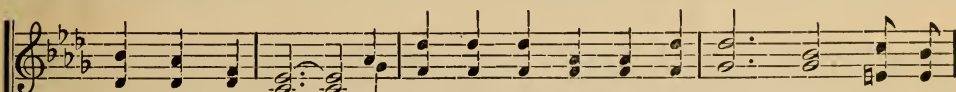


Cal - va - ry's tree, Far o - ver the sea, Christ threw out the life-line to me.






1. When my heart with its trou - bles is bur - dened, With the strug - gles that  
 2. When my heart in deep an - guish is bleed - ing With the sor - rows that  
 3. When my heart is all brok - en and wound - ed, And I've failed in the  
 4. When my heart for the dear ones is pin - ing, And life's jour - ney seems

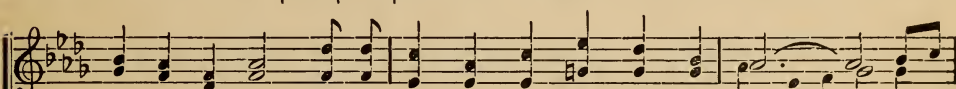


no one can share; I bring it, so wea - ry, to Je - sus, And he  
 nev - er will cease; I bring it for com - fort to Je - sus, And he  
 cease - less af - fray; I bring it for heal - ing to Je - sus, And he  
 long till its end; I bring it so lone - ly to Je - sus, And in

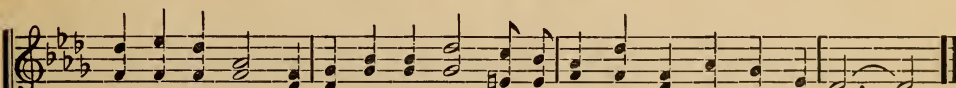
## CHORUS.



lifts all the bur - den and care....  
 gives me his bless - ing of peace....  
 takes all the sin - stains a - way.... } There is some - one who knows All my  
 him I find more than a friend.



strug - gles and woes; There is some - one my bur - dens to bear;..... 'Tis  
 my bur - dens to bear;

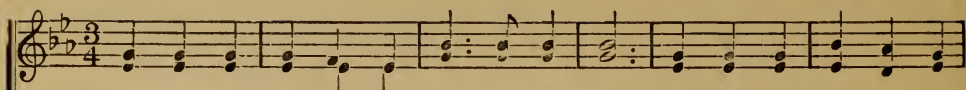


Je - sus my Friend, Who loves to the end, And he shares all my sor - rows and care.  
 and care.

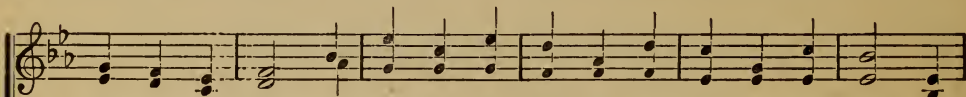
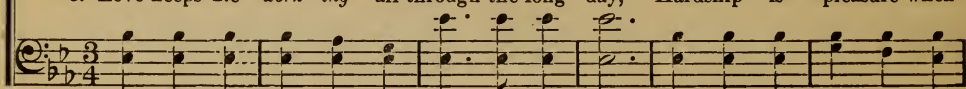
## Love Keeps Me Singing.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN.

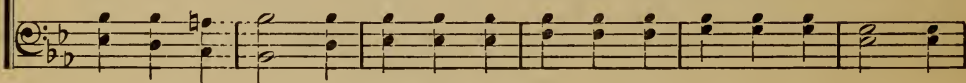
W. STILLMAN MARTIN.



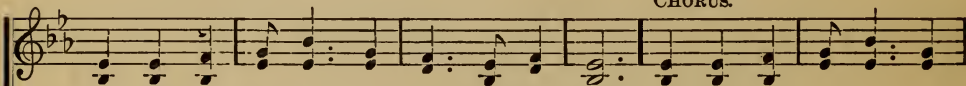
1. Love keeps me *sing-ing*, a - long the rough road, Prais - es to Je - sus, my  
 2. Love keeps me *hap-py* from morn-ing till night, Love changes darkness to  
 3. Love keeps me *work-ing* all through the long day, Hardship is pleasure when



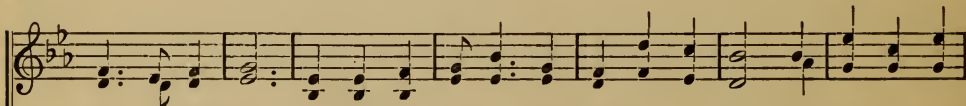
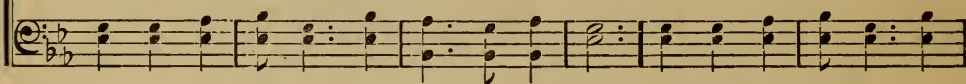
Saviour and Lord; My heart is as free as a bird on the wing, How  
 glo - ri - ous light; The love of my Sav-iour re-moves all my fear; When  
 love fills the way; The toil that he gives me how glad-ly I do, His



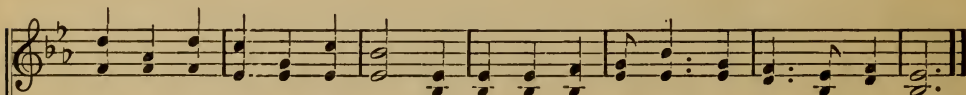
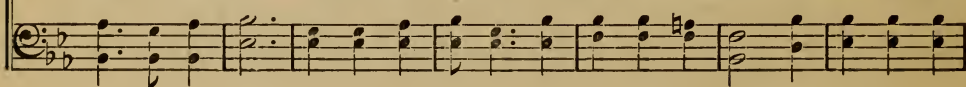
## CHORUS.



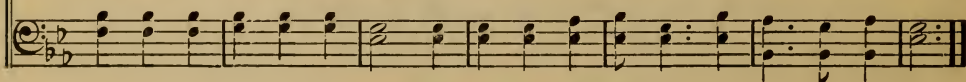
can I help sing-ing the praise of my King?  
 hard - est my tri-als, his love brings me cheer. } Love keeps me singing, the  
 love is the pow-er my strength to re-new.



love of my Lord; Love makes me happy, O glo-ry to God! My heart is as



free as a bird on the wing, For love keeps me singing the praise of my King.



# I Know He's Mine.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

B. FRANK BUTTS.

1. There's One a - bove all earth - ly friends Whose love all earth - ly love trans-cends,  
 2. He's mine be - cause he died for me, He saved my soul, he set me free;  
 3. He's mine be - cause he's in my heart, And nev - er, nev - er will we part;  
 4. Some day up - on the streets of gold Mine eyes his glo - ry shall be - hold,

It is my Lord and Christ di - vine, My Lord, be - cause I know he's mine.  
 With joy I wor - ship at his shrine And cry, "Praise God, I know he's mine."  
 Just as the branch is to the vine I'm joined to Christ; I know he's mine.  
 Then, while his arms a - round me twine, I'll cry for joy, "I know he's mine."

## CHORUS.

I know he's mine,..... this friend so dear,..... He lives with  
 I know he's mine, this friend so dear,

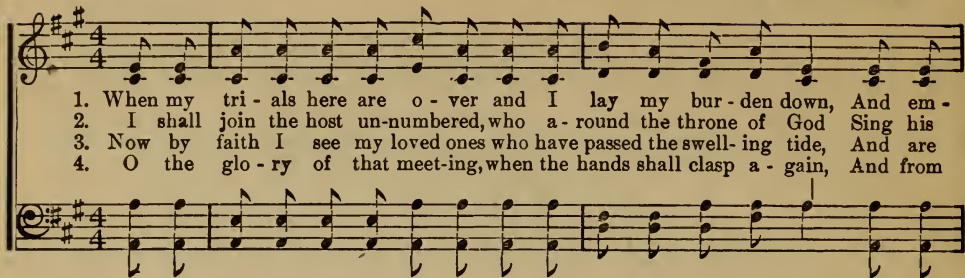
me,..... he's ev - er near;..... Ten thousand charms.....  
 He lives with me, he's ev - er near; Ten thousand charms

a - round him shine,..... And, best of all, I know he's mine.  
 a - round him shine,

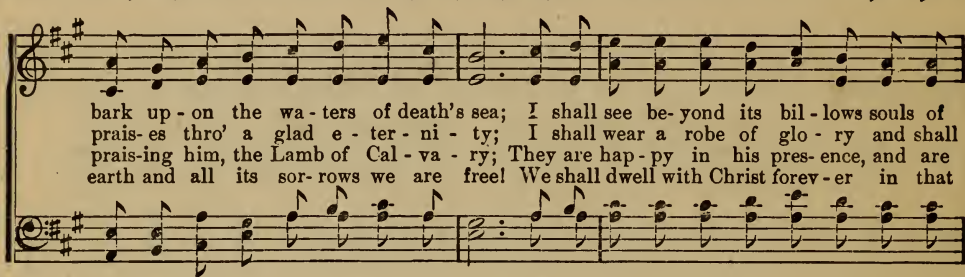
# Waving Palms of Victory.

W. W. V.

W. W. VANSANT.

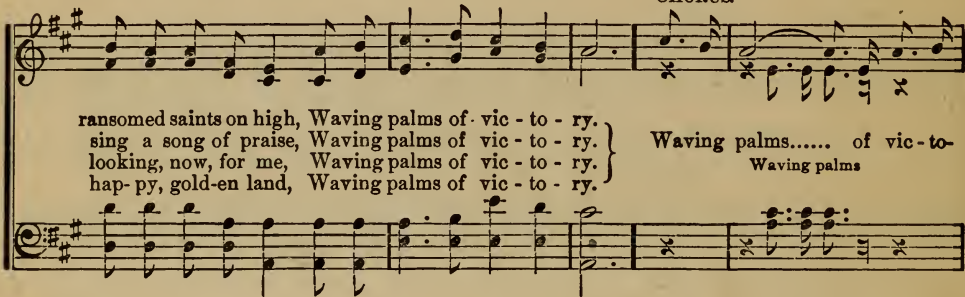


1. When my tri - als here are o - ver and I lay my bur - den down, And em -  
 2. I shall join the host un - numbered, who a - round the throne of God Sing his  
 3. Now by faith I see my loved ones who have passed the swell - ing tide, And are  
 4. O the glo - ry of that meet - ing, when the hands shall clasp a - gain, And from

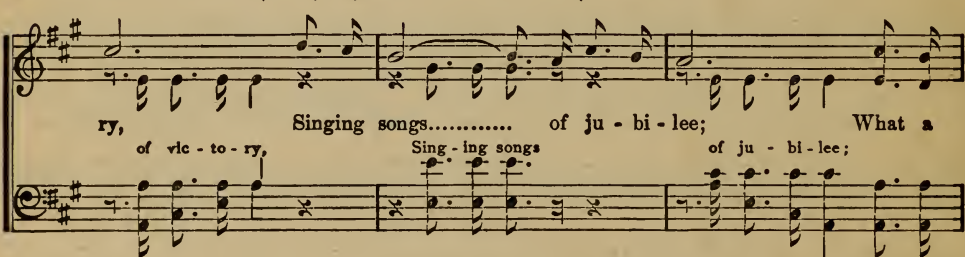


bark up - on the wa - ters of death's sea; I shall see be - yond its bil - lows souls of  
 prais - es thro' a glad e - ter - ni - ty; I shall wear a robe of glo - ry and shall  
 prais - ing him, the Lamb of Cal - va - ry; They are hap - py in his pres - ence, and are  
 earth and all its sor - rows we are free! We shall dwell with Christ forev - er in that

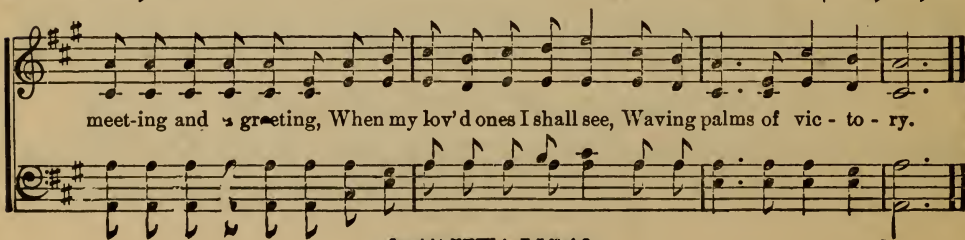
## CHORUS.



ransomed saints on high, Waving palms of vic - to - ry.  
 sing a song of praise, Waving palms of vic - to - ry. } Waving palms..... of vic - to -  
 looking, now, for me, Waving palms of vic - to - ry. } Waving palms  
 hap - py, gold - en land, Waving palms of vic - to - ry.



ry, Singing songs..... of ju - bi - lee; What a  
 of vic - to - ry, Sing - ing songs of ju - bi - lee;



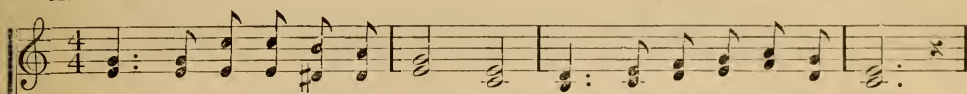
meet - ing and a greet - ing, When my lov'd ones I shall see, Waving palms of vic - to - ry.

## Now to Thee I All Surrender.

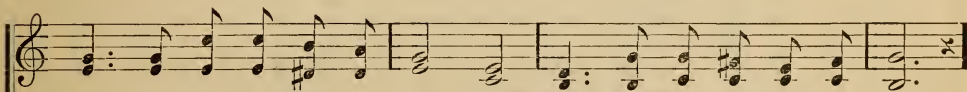
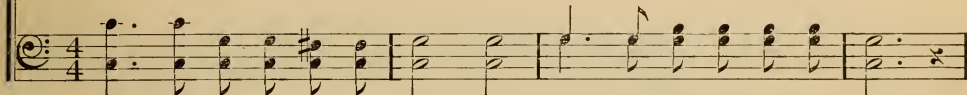
M. H. M.

(CONSECRATION.)

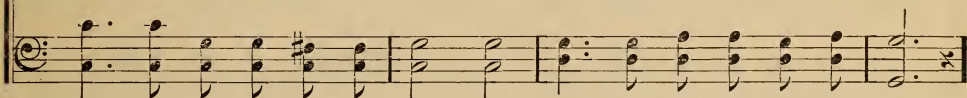
MARY HUBBERT MUNFORD.



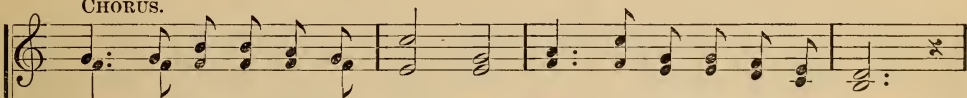
1. Now to thee I all sur - ren - der, Grant thy cleansing to my soul;
2. Now to thee I all sur - ren - der All my tal-ent, time, and pow'r;
3. Now to thee I all sur - ren - der, Liv - ing, dy-ing, thine to be;
4. Now to thee I all sur - ren - der, I no more, but Christ in me;
5. Now to thee I all sur - ren - der, Use me in thy work O Lord;
6. Now to thee I all sur - ren - der, Things of earth to me are dross;



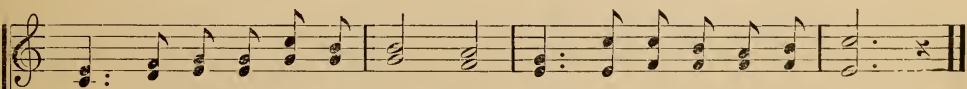
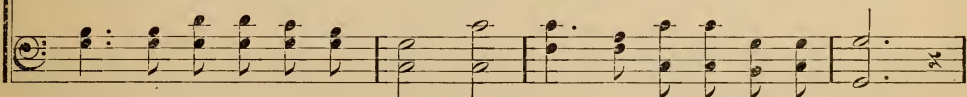
While to thee my life I'm bring - ing Speak the words: "Thou art made whole."  
 Grant, O Lord, my heart's pe - ti - tion Purge from sin this ve - ry hour.  
 Let me feel O Ho - ly Spir - it Man - i - fest thy pow'r in me.  
 En - ter Lord take full pos - ses - sion Thine for - ev - er would I be.  
 "Well done, good and faith - ful ser - vant" This a - lone be my re - ward.  
 Thou, O Christ shall be my por - tion Naught shall charm me but thy cross.



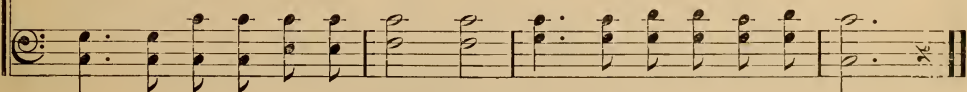
## CHORUS.



Now to thee I all sur - ren - der, Thine for - ev - er would I be;



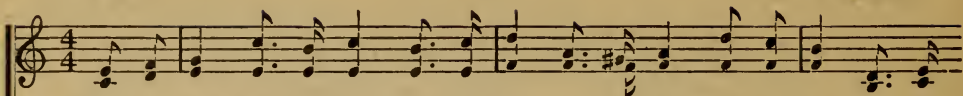
Now to thee I all sur - ren - der, Lord I give my-self to thee.



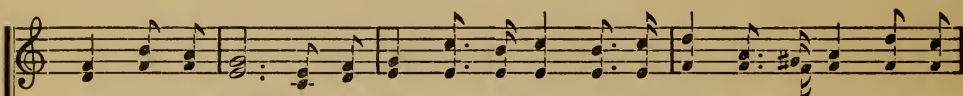
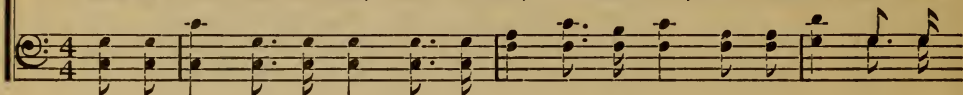
## I Know I'll Be Satisfied.

J. B. M.

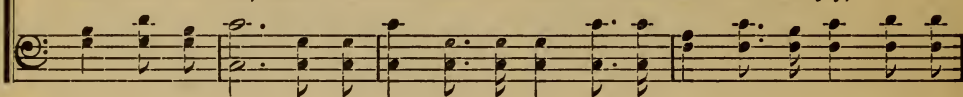
J. B. MACKAY.



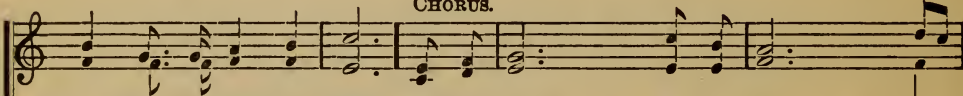
1. When I stand, with my Lord, In the land of the blest, Where no shadow his  
 2. Oft I try to conceive What the glory can be That awaits me, far  
 3. When before him at last, Purified, I shall stand, Thro' the blood of the



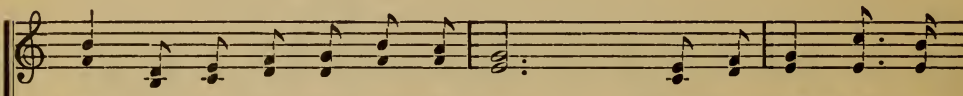
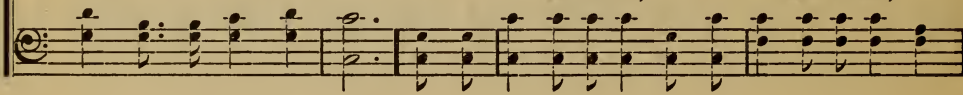
glory can hide; When I see for myself What shall there be revealed, Then, I  
 o - ver the tide; But I'll wait for the day He reveals it to me, And I  
 Lamb cru - ci - fied, And his own bless - ed voice Bids me en - ter his joy, O I



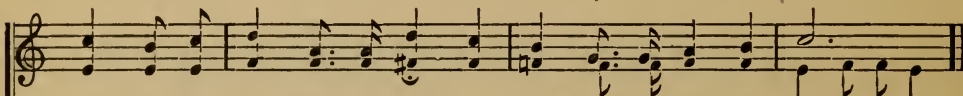
## CHORUS.



know I'll be sat - is - fied. Sat - is - fied, sat - is - fied, I  
 sat - is - fied, sat - is - fied,

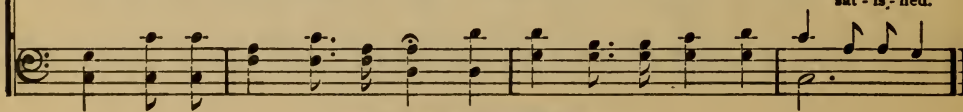


know I'll be ful - ly sat - is - fied; When mine eyes shall be  
 sat - is - fied;



hold All the won - ders un - told, I know I'll be sat - is - fied.

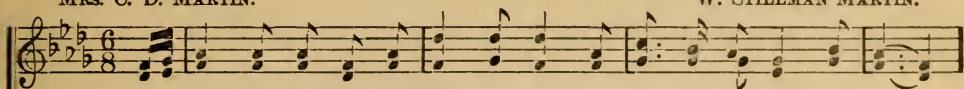
sat - is - fied.



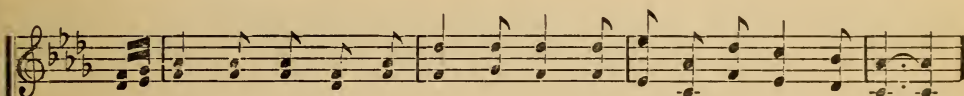
## So Great Was His Love for Me.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN.

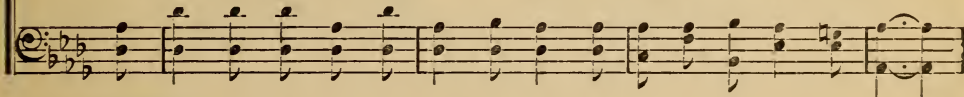
W. STILLMAN MARTIN.



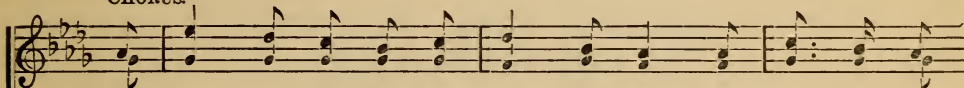
1. From glo - ry's height he came down to save, So great was his love for me;
2. In him is strength for my deep - est need, So great is his love for me;
3. In him is heal - ing for ev - 'ry ill, So great is his love for me;
4. He's now pre - par - ing for me a place, So great is his love for me;



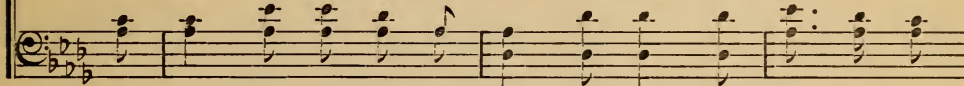
Up - on the cross his dear life he gave, So great was his love for me.  
 Up - on him dai - ly my soul doth feed, So great is his love for me.  
 The joy he gives me no tongue can tell, So great is his love for me.  
 The mansion fair is the gift of grace, So great is his love for me.



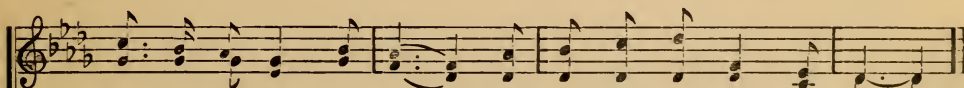
## CHORUS.



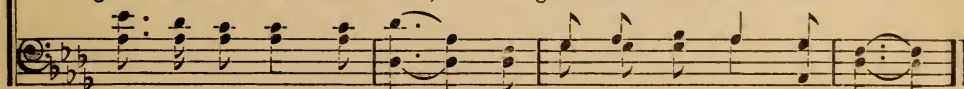
My heart be - lieved, and my faith re - ceived, The gift of his



love so free; He bore the cross, its pain and loss, So



great was his love for me, So great was his love for me.



## When I Knelt at Mother's Knee.

FRANK E. GRAEFF.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

SOLO. *With expression.*

1. There's a sweet and pre-cious sto - ry, That is all in all to me, 'Tis the  
 2. I can see her in the twi-light, In those days from care so free, As she  
 3. Long, long years have gone since moth-er With her hand up - on my head, Told me  
 4. "There's a Friend who loves you tru - ly. Who was once a lit - tle child, And he

sto - ry of the Saviour's love so true;  
 told the pre-cious sto - ry o'er and o'er;  
 of this Friend unfailing, lov - ing, dear;  
 came from heav'n to earth long, long a-go;

For I heard it whispered oft - en As I  
 And I long for such a moment, Just to  
 But in all my life's long journey, By her  
 He was ten - der, patient, lov - ing; He was

*rit.*

knelt at mother's knee, And she said "this lov - ing Sav - iour died for you."  
 rest be - side her knee, Whe nmy heart with cares is bleeding, bruised and sore.  
 coun - sels safe - ly led, I have found this pre - cious Sav - iour ev - er near.  
 ho - ly, meek and mild, And I pray this Friend so faith - ful you may know."

*rit.*

CHORUS. *a tempo.*

O that sto - ry ne'er grows old, Tho' to me 'twas oft - en told

# When I Knelt At Mother's Knee.—Concluded.

*rit.*

As I knelt close by my saint - ed moth - er's knee.

No. 53.

## The Blood On the Cross.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. The word of the Lord can nev - er fail, This won - der - ful truth I see,  
 2. When sin like a storm my path - way dims, A light thro' the clouds I see;  
 3. Tho' doubt may as - sail and faith grow dim And troubled my soul may be,  
 4. And when I am called to pass a - way, And fear - ful it seems to me,

The blood o'er the door saved Is - ra - el The blood on the cross saves me.  
 The blood on the cross for sin a - tones The blood on the cross saves me.  
 I'll lift up a pray'r and shout a - loud The blood on the cross saves me.  
 I'll shout as I pass the val - ley thro' The blood on the cross saves me.

CHORUS.

I'll sing it, yes, and I'll shout it! The blood,..... the blood,.....  
 pre - cious blood, the sav - ing blood,

There's nev - er a soul saved without it..... This blood of Cal - va - ry.....

## The Cloud and Fire.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. As of old, when the hosts of Is - ra - el Were compelled in the wil - der -  
 2. To and fro, as a ship with - out a sail, Not a com - pass to guide them  
 3. All the days of their wand' rings they were fed; To the land of the promise

ness to dwell, Trusting they in their God to lead the way To the light of perfect day.  
 thro' the vale, But the sign of their God was ev - er near, Thus their fainting hearts to cheer.  
 they were led; By the hand of the Lord, in guidance sure, They were bro't to Canaan's shore.

## CHORUS. UNISON.

So the sign of the fire by night, And the sign of the cloud by day,

Hov'ring o'er, just be-fore, As they journey on their way,

Shall a guide and a lead - er be, Till the wil - der - ness be past,

# The Cloud and Fire.—Concluded.

For the Lord our God in his own good time, Shall lead to the light at last.

No. 55.

## Redeeming Love.

Rev. T. M. EASTWOOD.

C. HAROLD LOWDEN.

1. You ask me why the name of Christ Is ev - er dear to me,  
 2. You ask me why I love him so, And of - fer him my heart,  
 3. You ask me why I long to serve My Mas - ter and my King,  
 4. You ask me why I know my name On high is writ - ten down

Why I de - sire with him at last, To spend e - ter - ni - ty.  
 Why I be - lieve my Lord, and I Will nev - er, nev - er part.  
 Why I de - sire to speak his praise, And of his mer - cy sing.  
 Why I ex - pect in heav'n some day To wear a gold - en crown.

CHORUS.

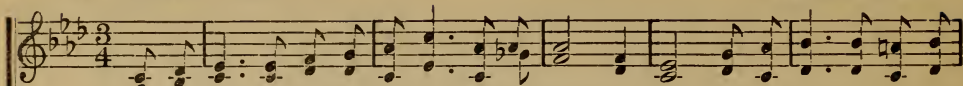
Re - deem - ing love re - deem - ing love, I know no oth - er plea,

'Twas on the cross my Sa - viour died, A sac - ri - fice for me....

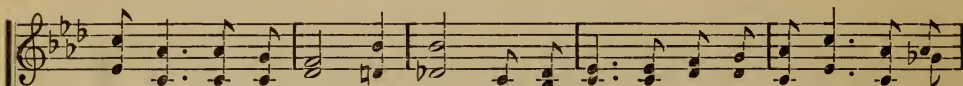
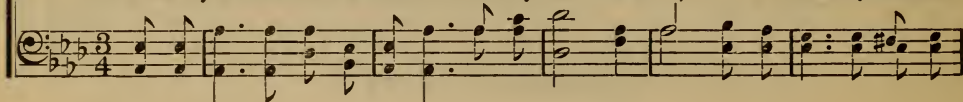
## Angels, Get My Mansion Ready.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

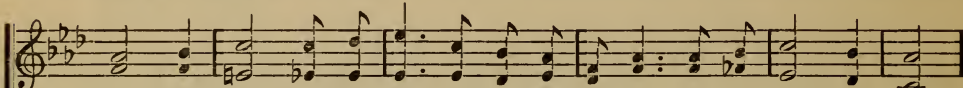
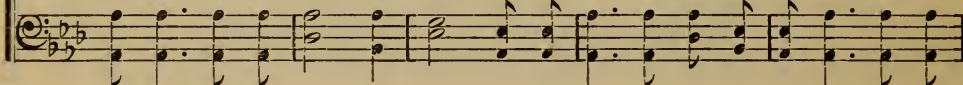
C. AUSTIN MILES.



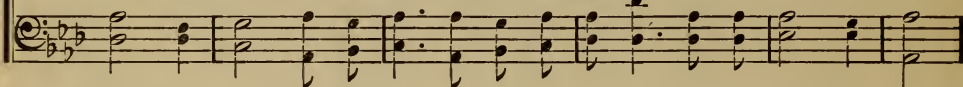
1. O - ver yon - der stands the mansion Christ prepared for me, God ordained that I should
2. Pur - er are the joys up yon - der than the halls of mirth, Grander are the songs e -
3. Tho' a pil - grim I have wandered in the val - ley here, Now un - to the blessed
4. When my work be - low is end - ed and my race is run, I will hear my Saviour



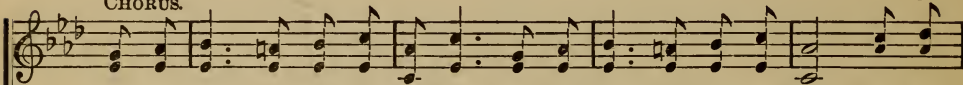
have it from e - ter - ni - ty; And I'll send a pray'r be - fore me, ere I  
 ter - nal than the songs of earth; Sweet - er is the bread of heav - en than the  
 home - land I am draw - ing near; Soon a - mid these scenes of sor - row I will  
 call - ing at the set of sun; Then I'll send a mes - sage up - ward, past yon



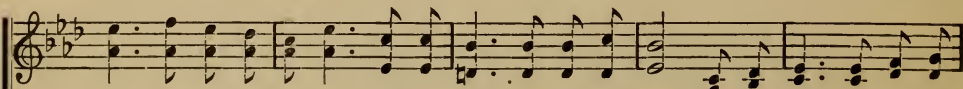
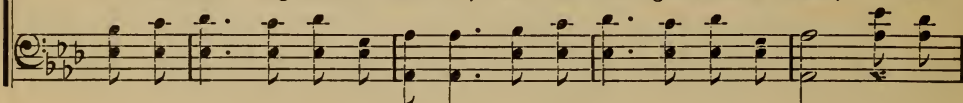
cross the foam, "An - gels, get my man - sion read - y, I am com - ing home."  
 hon - ey comb, An - gels, get my man - sion read - y, I am com - ing home.  
 cease to roam, An - gels, get my man - sion read - y, I am com - ing home.  
 vault - ed dome, "An - gels, get my man - sion read - y, I am com - ing home."



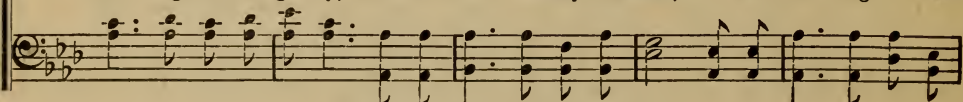
## CHORUS.



I am com - ing home to heav - en, with the an - gels there to dwell, I am



com - ing home to glo - ry, where I'll nev - er say fare - well; I am com - ing to that



# Angels, Get My Mansion Ready.—Concluded.

cit - y, nevermore to roam, Angels, get my mansion ready, I am com - ing home.

## No. 57. God Watches Over the World.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

MARY HUBBERT MUNFORD.

1. O ye who are fighting the forces of wrong, Take courage, thy banner shall never be furled;
2. The forc - es of evil are losing their pow'r, All lands shall behold thy bright banner unfurled;
3. Be valiant and loyal, trust God and be strong, Let doubts and forebodings swift downward be hurled;

The vict'ry is coming, is coming ere long, For God watches o - ver the world.  
 Rich blessings are coming in wonder - ful show'r, For God watches o - ver the world.  
 The vict'ry is coming, is coming ere long, For God watches o - ver the world.

### CHORUS.

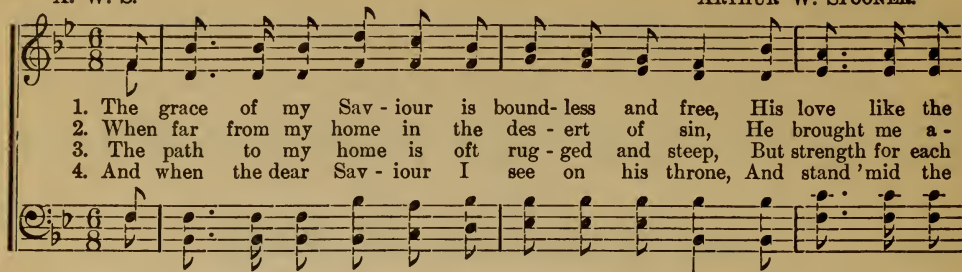
Yes, God watches o - ver the world,..... The wrong from its throne shall be hurled;.....  
 the world, shall be hurled:

The vict'ry is coming, is coming ere long, For God watches o - ver the world.

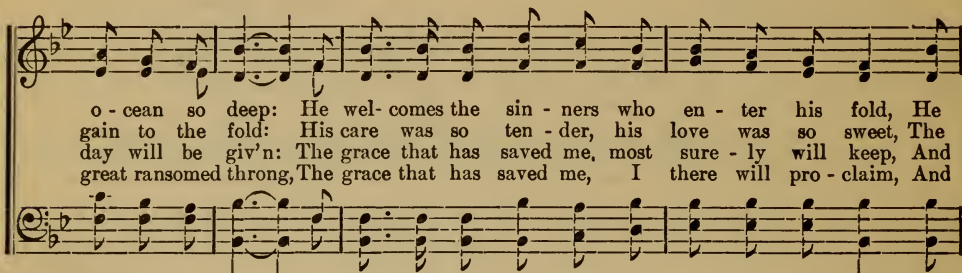
## I'll Tell it Because it is True.

A. W. S.

ARTHUR W. SPOONER.

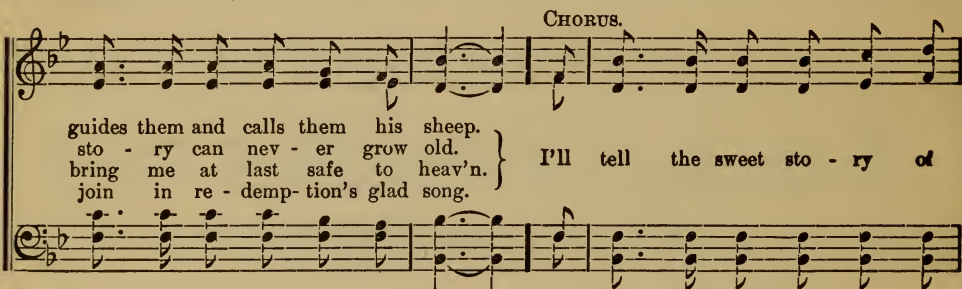


1. The grace of my Sav - iour is bound - less and free, His love like the  
 2. When far from my home in the des - ert of sin, He brought me a -  
 3. The path to my home is oft rug - ged and steep, But strength for each  
 4. And when the dear Sav - iour I see on his throne, And stand 'mid the



o - cean so deep: He wel - comes the sin - ners who en - ter his fold, He  
 gain to the fold: His care was so ten - der, his love was so sweet, The  
 day will be giv'n: The grace that has saved me, most sure - ly will keep, And  
 great ransomed throng, The grace that has saved me, I there will pro - claim, And

CHORUS.



guides them and calls them his sheep.  
 sto - ry can nev - er grow old. } I'll tell the sweet sto - ry of  
 bring me at last safe to heav'n. }  
 join in re - demp-tion's glad song.



grace,..... The sto - ry so old, but so new,..... I'll  
 the sweet sto - ry, ev - er new,

*rit.*

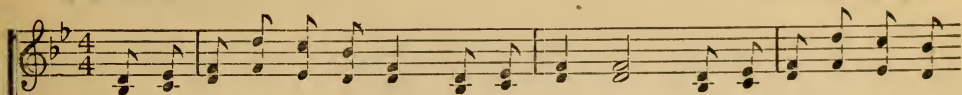


tell it to men ev ' ry - where..... I'll tell it, be - cause it is true.  
 ev - 'ry - where

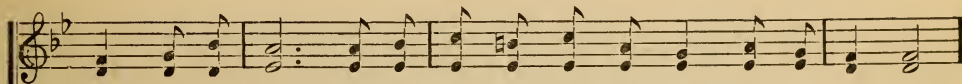
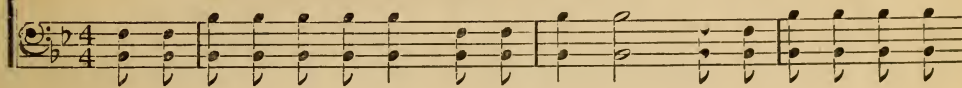
## As the Day Breaks.

A. A. PAYN.

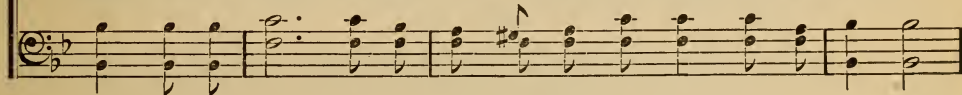
C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. As the shadows of the night round are fall - ing, I am thinking of that  
 2. When we gath - er home at last there'll be sing - ing, Such as an - gels round the  
 3. I shall rise to be with Je - sus for - ev - er, I shall meet the ones who



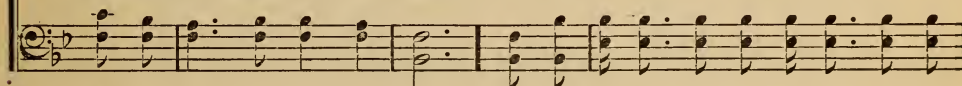
day by and by; When the trum - pet of the Lord shall be call - ing,  
 throne nev - er heard; For the song of souls re - deemed shall go ring - ing,  
 passed on be - fore; We shall meet to part no more, nev - er, nev - er,



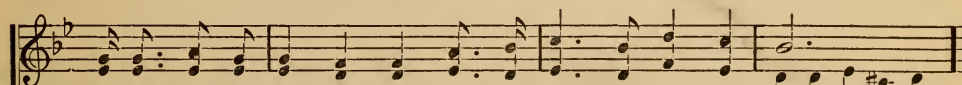
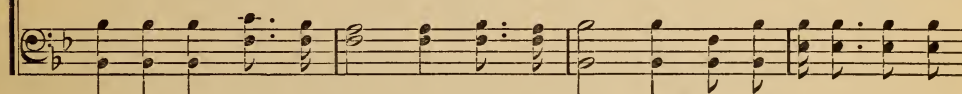
## CHORUS.



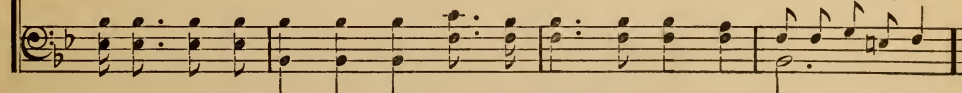
As the day breaks o'er the hills.  
 As the day breaks o'er the hills. } I'll go singing, I'll go shouting on my  
 When the day breaks o'er the hills. }



journey home, Till the day breaks, till the day breaks, There'll be singing, there'll be



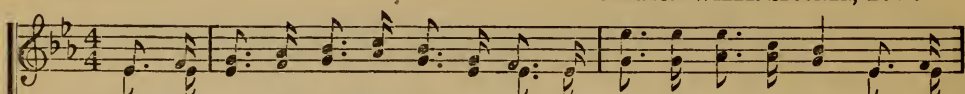
shouting, when we all get home, When the day breaks o'er the hills.  
 the heavenly hills.




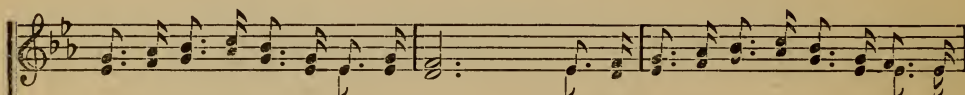
# No. 60. I Expect to Hear the Saviour Call My Name.

A. W. S.

ARTHUR WILLIS SPOONER, D. D.



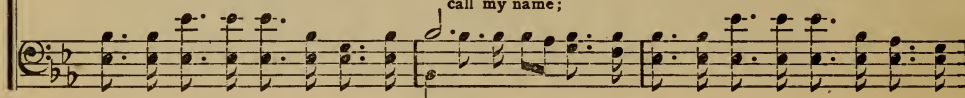
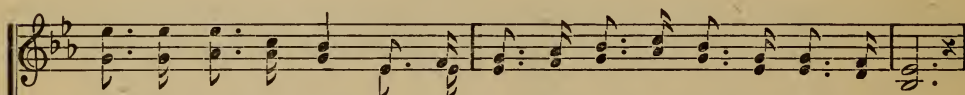
1. When the trump of God shall ush - er in the aw - ful judgment day, I ex -  
 2. When the skies shall roll to - geth - er, and the stars all dis - ap - pear, I ex -  
 3. O how sweet will be the mu - sic when, be - fore the blood-washed throng, I shall

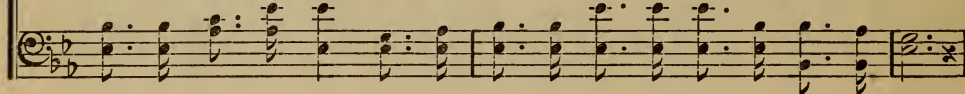
pect to hear the Saviour call my name;  
 pect to hear the Saviour call my name;  
 hear the blessed Saviour call my name;

For I'm trusting in the promis - es, his  
 He will disappoint me nev - er, and my  
 "Come, ye blessed," this his welcome, "to the

call my name;

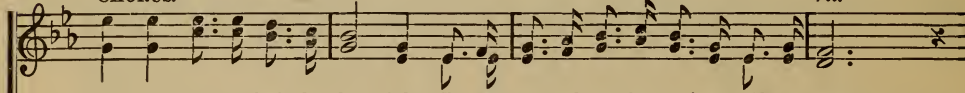



word my con - stant stay, O I'm sure I'll hear the Sav - iour call my name.  
 soul shall know no fear, For I'm sure I'll hear the Sav - iour call my name.  
 home prepared for you;" I'll be glad to hear the Sav - iour call my name.



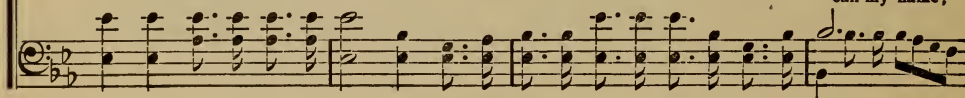
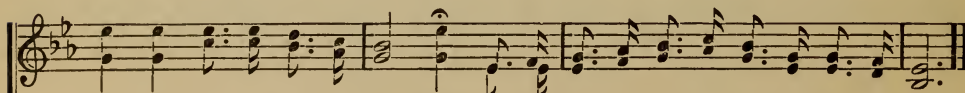
CHORUS.

*rit.*

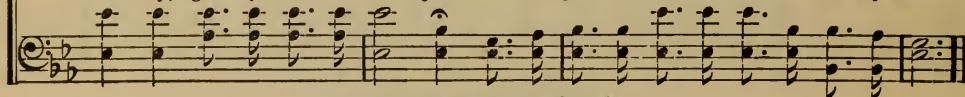


Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! I expect to hear the Saviour call my name;

call my name;

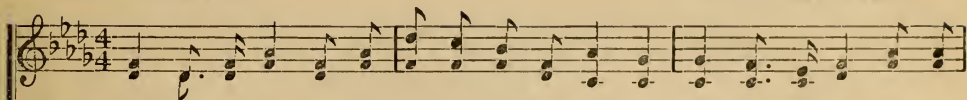
Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! I ex - pect to hear the Saviour call my name.



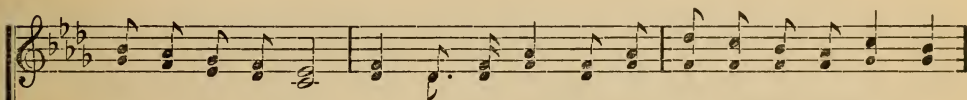
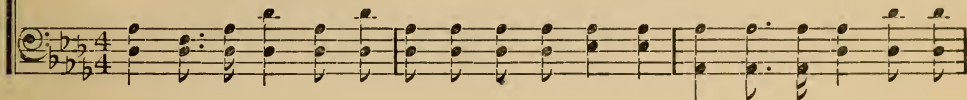
## We Shall Be Like Him.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.



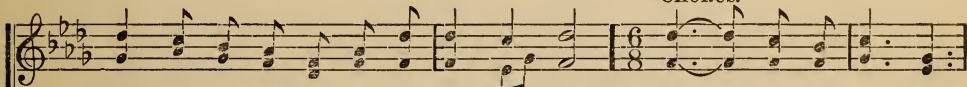
1. We shall be like him, when he shall come in glo - ry: Like him for - ev - er, thro'  
 2. We shall be like him, how - ev - er rough our journey, Light from this promise shall  
 3. We shall be like him, the veil will soon be lift - ed, Then we shall praise him for



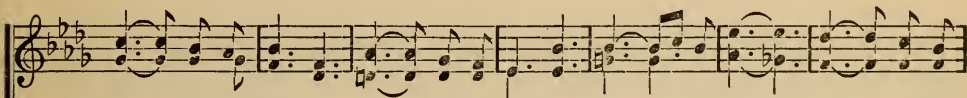
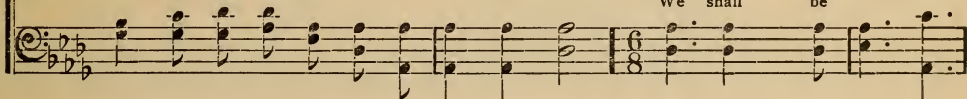
rich - es of his grace; O what as - sur - ance to all God's children giv - en,  
 bright - en ev - 'ry place; "Like our Redeem - er," our hearts sing hal - le - lu - jah,  
 all his love and grace; No more the earth - ly, but glo - ry grand, e - ter - nal,



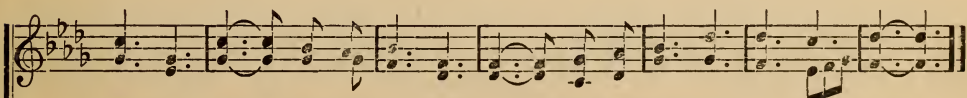
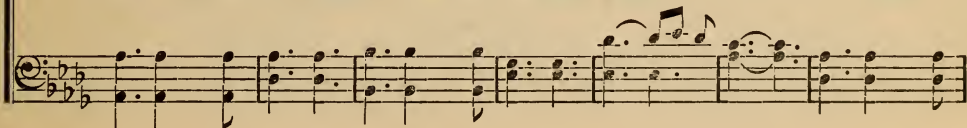
## CHORUS.



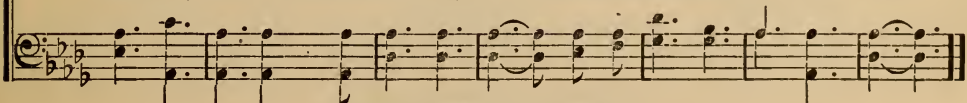
We shall be like him when we see his face.

We.... shall be like him,  
We shall be

we shall be like him, For we shall see him as..... he is; We shall be



like him, we shall be like him, For we shall see him as he is.



**Tell Jesus All.**

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Thy cup of woe,..... thy weight of loss,                      The sins that  
2. The road that oft..... seems dim and long,                      The shad - ows  
3. The storms that rage..... so fierce and wild,                      The mountains

1. Thy cup of woe,                      thy weight of loss,

would thy soul en- thrall; Thy dai- ly cares,..... the heav- y cross—  
that a-round thee fall; The con- flict with..... the sin and wrong,  
ris- ing grim and tall; He knows thy way,..... O wea- ry child,  
Thy dai- ly cares, the heav- y cross—

CHORUS.

Tell Je - sus all! Tell him all!..... Tell Je - sus all! Tell Je - sus all!

all! He can - not fail..... to hear thy call; O wea - ry

Tell Je - sus all! He can - not fail

heart,..... he'll strength impart, Tell Je - sus all!.....  
O wea - ry heart, he'll strength impart, Tell Je - sus all!

1. Is there an - y - one can help us, one who un - derstands our hearts, When the  
 2. Is there an - y - one can help us when the load is hard to bear, And we  
 3. Is there an - y - one can help us, who can give a sin - ner peace, When his  
 4. Is there an - y - one can help us, when the end is drawing near, Who will

thorns of life have pierced them till they bleed; One who sym - pa-thiz - es with us, who in  
 faint and fall beneath it in a - larm; Who in ten - derness will lift us, and the  
 heart is burdened down with pain and woe; Who can speak the word of pardon that af -  
 go thro' death's dark waters by our side; Who will light the way before us, and dis -

won - drous love imparts Just the ver - y, ver - y blessing that we need?  
 heav - y bur - den share, And sup - port us with an ev - er - last - ing arm?  
 fords a sweet re - lease, And whose blood can wash and make us white as snow?  
 pel all doubt and fear, And will bear our spir - its safe - ly o'er the tide?

CHORUS.

Yes, there's One, on - ly One, The blessed, blessed Jesus, he's the One; When af -  
 Yes, there's One, on - ly One,

fictions press the soul, when waves of trouble roll, And you need a friend to help you, he's the One.

## A Mother's Prayer.

C. A. M.

(SOLO.)

C. AUSTIN MILES.

*Unison throughout. Slowly.*

1. There's a moth-er on her knees in prayer,      You have oft - en seen her kneeling there;  
 2. She remembers you in youth's glad hour,      Ere you felt the hold of sin's sad pow'r,  
 3. Shall her pray'r for you unanswered be,      Can you, then, withstand her earnest plea?  
 4. Turn and seek your mother's God just now,      In his presence come and humbly bow;

She is ask-ing God to send you home,      From the path of sin in which you roam.  
 And to her the boy is just the same,      Tho' he fol-lows now the path of shame.  
 Must her form be laid a-way to rest,      Ere you yield to this her last re - quest?  
 That your mother's prayer may answered be,      And from sin's strong hand you may be free.

## REFRAIN.

"O my Father! Send him back to me,      My boy,      my boy;

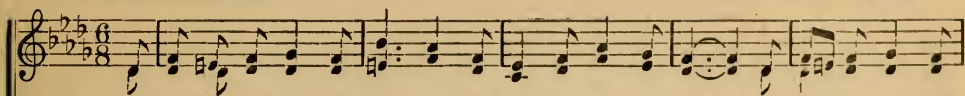
It's no matter what his life may be,      Or how wrong the way he may have trod;

Grant that he may turn to-day, And no lon - ger stay From home and God."

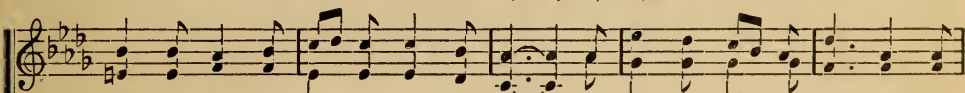
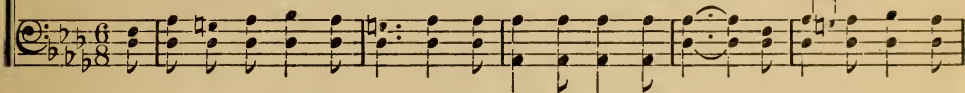
## There's Never a Friend Like Jesus.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

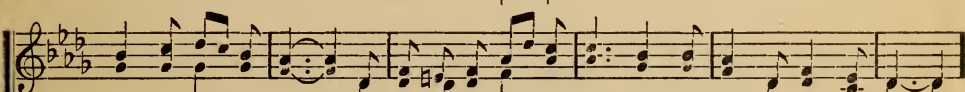
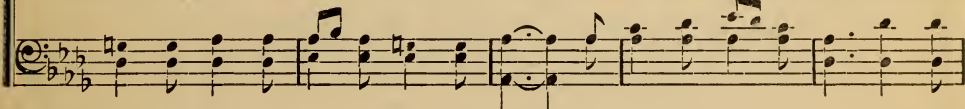
C. HAROLD LOWDEN.



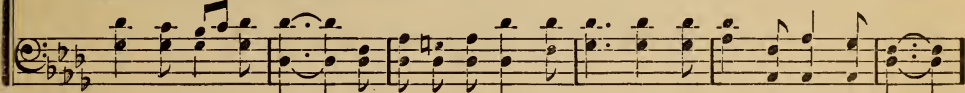
1. There's nev-er a friend like Je - sus, When all is bright and fair, When skies are clear, and
2. There's nev-er a friend like Je - sus, When faint has grown the heart, When hopes are fled, and
3. There's nev-er a friend like Je - sus, When leaves of sorrow roll, When woes distress, and
4. There's nev-er a friend like Je - sus, When life's short day is past, When fades the light, and



glad hopes cheer, And life is free from care. In midst of joy and pleasure, O  
 grief is dead, And pleasures all de - part. When souls are heav - y - la - den, By  
 joys oppress; Earth's comforts ne'er con - sole. But in the keen-est suff'ring, In  
 death's dark night Comes to the soul at last. When all the joys and sor - rows, When



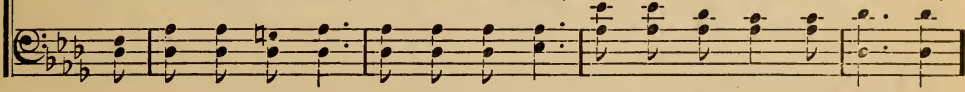
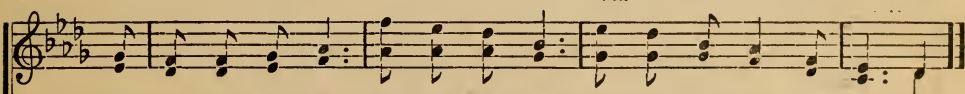
hear the Saviour's voice; 'Tis on - ly the love of Je - sus Can make the soul re - joice.  
 cares and fears oppressed, 'Tis on - ly the love of Je - sus Can give the wea - ry rest.  
 all the bit - ter grief, 'Tis on - ly the love of Je - sus Can give the heart re - lief.  
 cares and burdens, cease, 'Tis on - ly the love of Je - sus Can bring e - ter - nal peace.



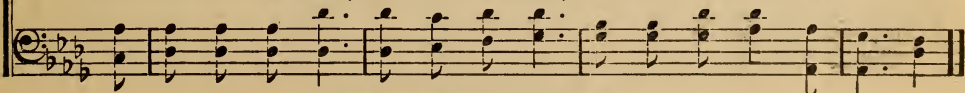
## CHORUS.



There's nev - er a friend, nev - er a friend, Nev - er a friend like Je - sus;

*rit.*

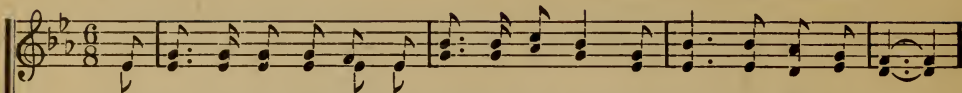
There's nev - er a friend, nev - er a friend, Nev - er a friend like Je - sus.



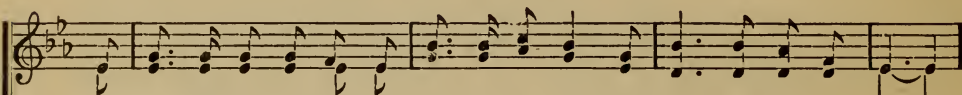
## The Blood Covers it All.

A. W. S.

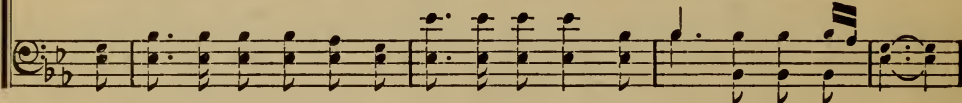
ARTHUR WILLIS SPOONER, D. D.



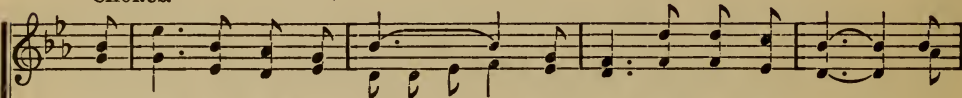
1. The mer - cy of Je - sus is wondrous and free, The blood cov - ers it all;
2. No sin - ner need per - ish who wants to be saved, The blood cov - ers it all;
3. Do fol - lies of youth cast a shade on your soul? The blood cov - ers it all;
4. All glo - ry to Je - sus, my Saviour and King, The blood cov - ers it all;



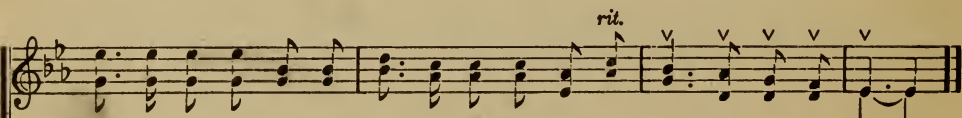
A boundless sal - va - tion is of - fered to thee, The blood cov - ers it all.  
 The pathway to glo - ry for all has been paved, The blood cov - ers it all.  
 All sins are for - gotten when grace makes you whole, The blood cov - ers it all.  
 Thro' a - ges un - end - ing I'll grate - ful - ly sing, "The blood cov - ers it all."



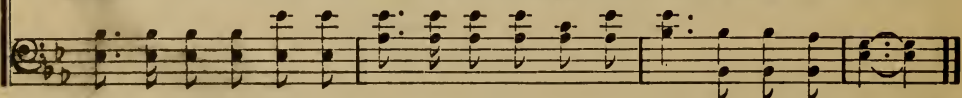
## CHORUS.

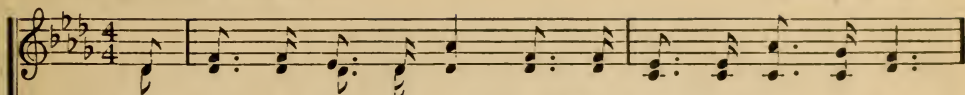


The blood cov - ers it all,..... The blood cov - ers it all; O  
 yes, cov - ers it all,




plunge in the fountain from Cal - vary's mountain, The blood cov - ers it all.



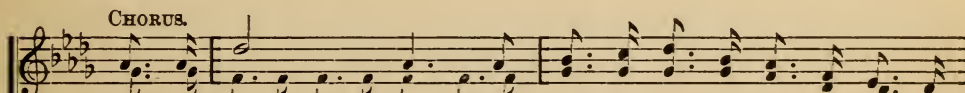


1. Our fel - low - ship is bless - ed, While walk - ing in the light;  
 2. See, from his hands now flow - ing, And from his feet and side,  
 3. And now we have re - demp - tion Thro' Je - sus' pre - cious blood,  
 4. When we as - cend to glo - ry, A - round the throne of God,

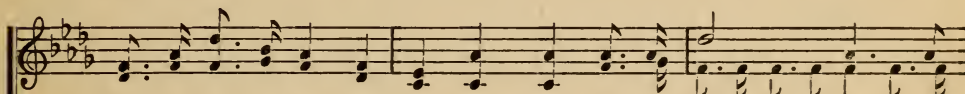


The blood of Je - sus cleans - eth, And sets our hearts a - right.  
 The stream of life is flow - ing, From wounds both deep and wide.  
 Trans - ges - sions are for - giv - en, Ac - cord - ing to his word.  
 We'll sing of him who loved us, And washed us in his blood.

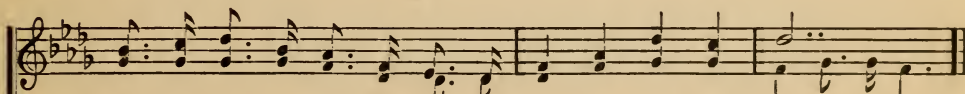
CHORUS.



Yes, it cleans - - - eth, O glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Now the  
 cleans-eth, yes, it cleans - eth,



blood of Je - sus cleans-eth me, yes, me! Yes, it cleans - - - eth, O  
 e - ven me! cleanseth, yes, it cleans-eth,

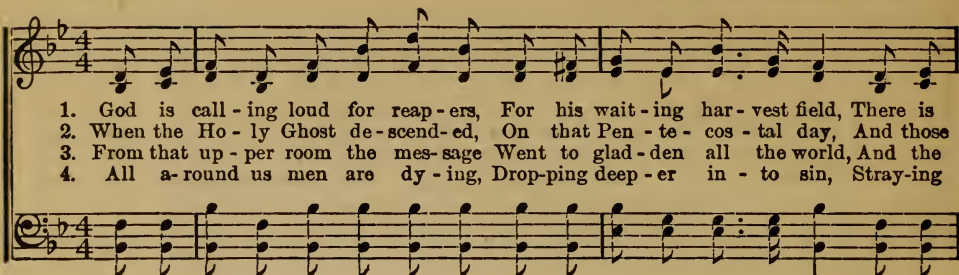


glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! For the blood that cleans-eth me. (e - ven me.)

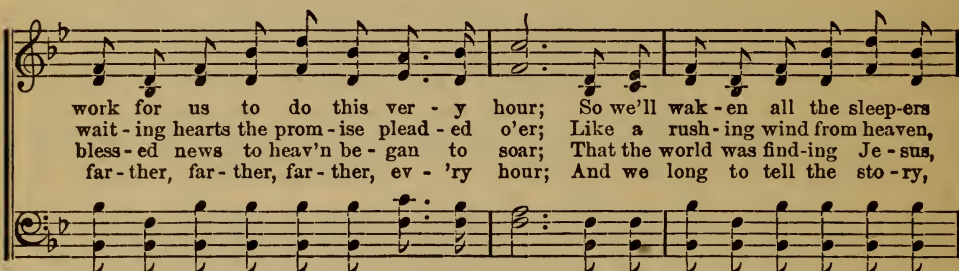
## Tarry Till You Get the Power.

A. W. S.

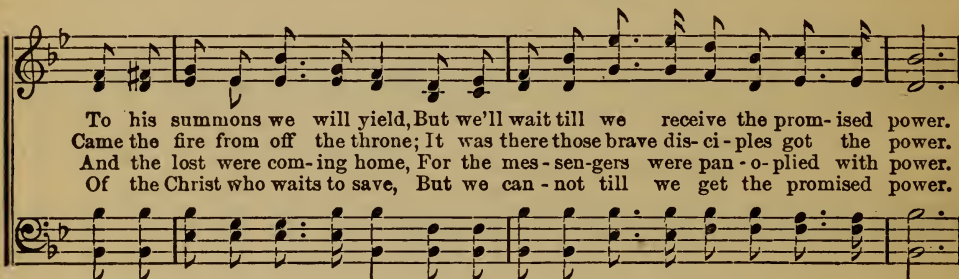
ARTHUR W. SPOONER, D. D.



1. God is call-ing loud for reap-ers, For his wait-ing har-vest field, There is  
 2. When the Ho-ly Ghost de-scend-ed, On that Pen-te-cos-tal day, And those  
 3. From that up-per room the mes-sage Went to glad-den all the world, And the  
 4. All a-round us men are dy-ing, Drop-ping deep-er in-to sin, Stray-ing

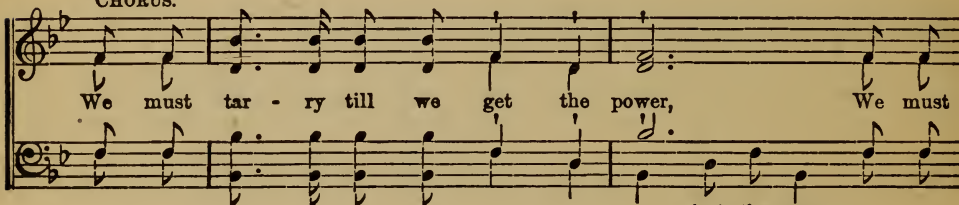


work for us to do this ver-y hour; So we'll wak-en all the sleep-ers  
 wait-ing hearts the prom-ise plead-ed o'er; Like a rush-ing wind from heaven,  
 bless-ed news to heav'n be-gan to soar; That the world was find-ing Je-sus,  
 far-ther, far-ther, far-ther, ev-'ry hour; And we long to tell the sto-ry,

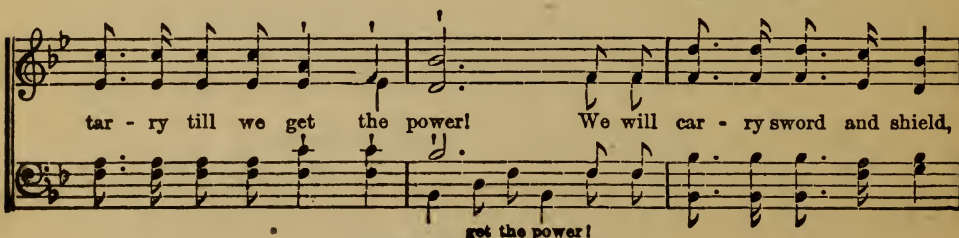


To his summons we will yield, But we'll wait till we receive the prom-ised power.  
 Came the fire from off the throne; It was there those brave dis-ci-ples got the power.  
 And the lost were com-ing home, For the mes-sen-gers were pan-o-plied with power.  
 Of the Christ who waits to save, But we can-not till we get the promised power.

## CHORUS.



We must tar-ry till we get the power, We must



tar-ry till we get the power! We will car-ry sword and shield,  
 get the power!

# Tarry Till You Get the Power.—Concluded.

We will nev - er, nev - er yield, For we'll tar - ry till we get the pow'r.

No. 69.

## When I Get Home.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. I shall wear a gold - en crown, When I get home; I shall lay my  
2. All the dark - ness will be past, When I get home; I shall see the  
3. I shall see my Sav - iour's face, When I get home; Sing a - gain of

burdens down, When I get home; Clad in robes of glo - ry, I shall sing the sto - ry  
light at last, When I get home; Light from heaven streaming o'er my pathway beaming  
sav - ing grace, When I get home; I shall stand be - fore him; Glad - ly I'll a - dore him;

CHORUS.  
Of the Lord who bought me, When I get home. } When I get home, When  
Ev - erguides me on - ward, Till I get home. }  
Ev - er to be with him, When I get home. } When I get home, when I get home, When

I get home, All sor - row will be o - ver, When I get home; I get home.  
I get home, when I get home,

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

*Slowly.*

1. Tar-ry with me, my Sa-viour, When the morn breaks to view, When the du - ties be -  
 2. Tar-ry with me, my Sa-viour, And a-bide as the morn Press-es on in - to  
 3. Tar-ry with me, my Sa-viour, When the lights grow more dim And I grope in the  
 4. Tar-ry with me, my Sa-viour, When the threshold I cross Of that heav-en - ly

fore me as a bur-den ap - pear; For each du - ty is pleasure, and each task is a  
 noon-day with my la - bors not done; Tar-ry with me, when wea-ry, and the bur-den grows  
 dark-ness tho' the sun still shines bright; When these eyes close for-ev-er on the scenes I have  
 man-sion, there forev - er to stay They may question my ti - tle, but with thee at my

## CHORUS.

joy, And burdens grow lighter, if thou art but near.  
 light, For when thou art with me, two la - bor as one.  
 loved They'll open, be-hold-ing thy face with de-light.  
 side I'll cry: "Here's my Saviour! Ask him if I may!"

Tarry with me, my Saviour, Tar-ry

with me I pray, I need thee, greatly need thee each step of the way. Tar-ry with me in

sunshine Tar-ry with me in shade For when thou art near me I'll not be a - fraid.

## Rejoicing in Him.

REV. T. M. EASTWOOD.

MARY HUBBERT MUNFORD.

1. When the Sav - iour I found, To the joy of my soul, I went on my  
 2. When he en - tered my heart, And he made me his own, I went on my  
 3. Some sweet day, up in heav'n, With the Lord by my side, I'll go on my

way re - joic - ing; When he pardoned my sin, And made my heart whole, I  
 way re - joic - ing; When I trust - ed in him, Who sits on the throne, I  
 way re - joic - ing; When in his presence dear I ev - er a - bid, I'll

## CHORUS.

went on my way re - joic - ing. } Re - joic - ing, re - joic -  
 went on my way re - joic - ing. }  
 go on my way re - joic - ing. }

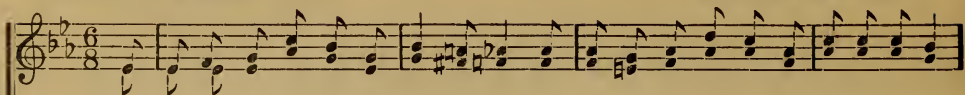
ing, I went on my way re - joic - ing; Since Christ is my

King, His prais - es I'll sing, And go on my way re - joic - ing.

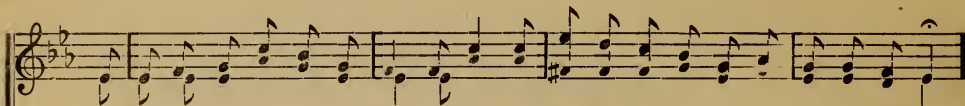
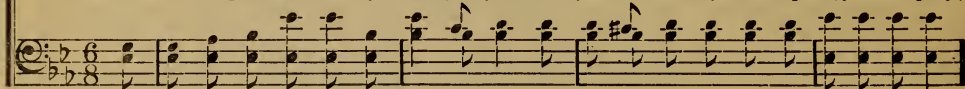
## Do Something for Somebody.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN.

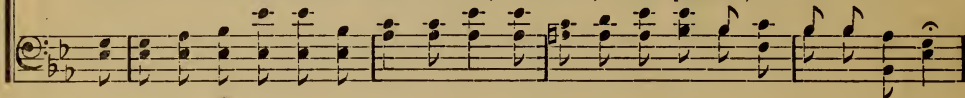
W. STILLMAN MARTIN.



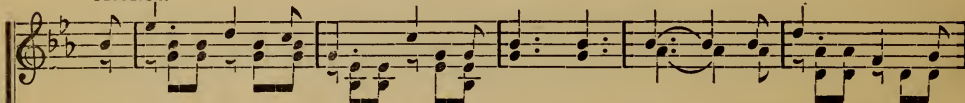
1. Do something for somebod-y ev-'ry day, To help them a-long in the heavenly way;  
 2. Do something for somebod-y ev-'ry day, The one by your side may be far from life's way;  
 3. Do something for somebod-y ev-'ry day, You may not do much, you can speak, you can pray;



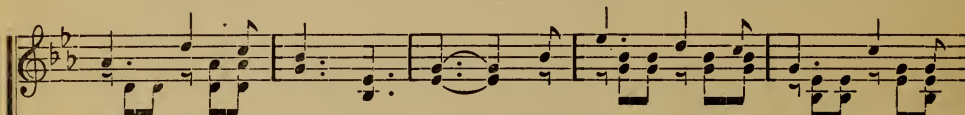
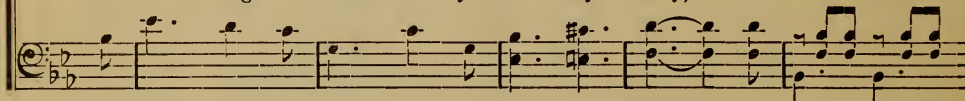
A 'liv-ing e-pis-tle' are you for God, A wit-ness for Je-sus the glo-ri-fied Lord.  
 Then bring him to Je-sus this ver-y hour, His love has redeem'd you, go tell of his pow'r.  
 What-ev-er is done for the bless-ed Lord, Sometime, 'tis his promise, receives a re-ward.



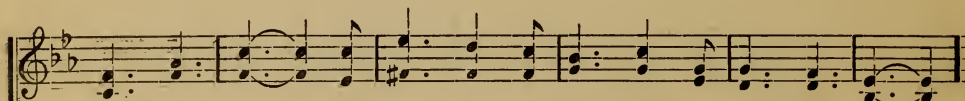
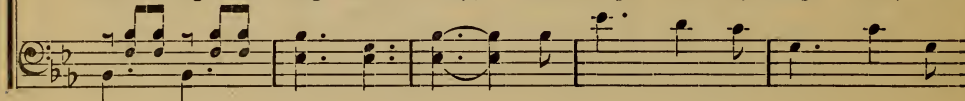
## CHORUS.



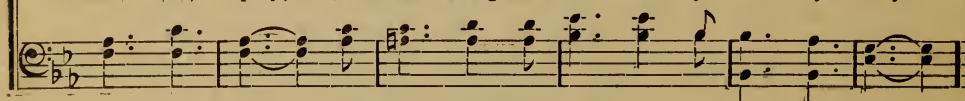
Do some-thing for some-bod-y ev-'ry day, Go scat-ter some



bless-ing a-long life's way; Give help to thy neigh-bor, be

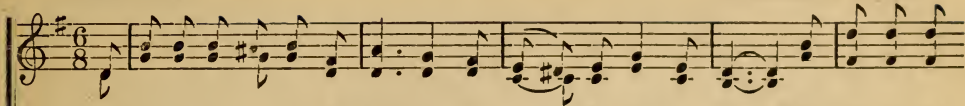


watch-ful, pray; Do some-thing for some-bod-y ev-'ry day.

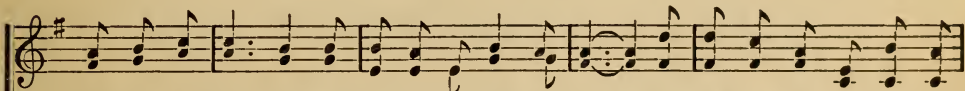
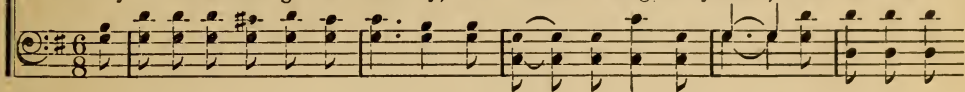


JAMES ROWE.

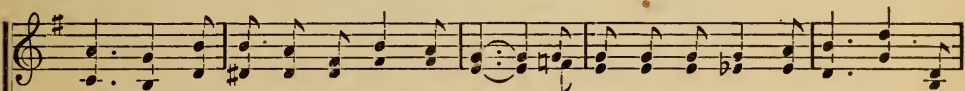
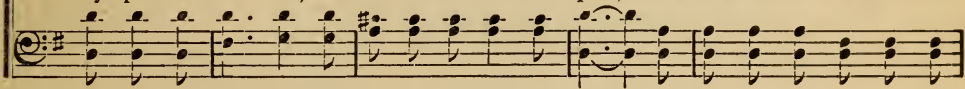
HERBERT J. LACEY.



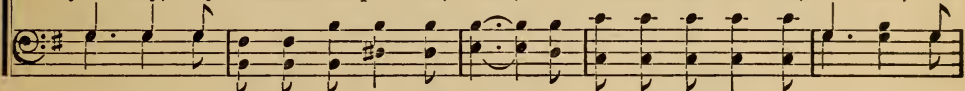
1. A wan-dering boy was a - wea - ry, The sun was sink - ing low, When ten - der the
2. He tho't of the moth - er who lov'd him, And tho't of the stains with - in, Then rais - ing his
3. "My soul is no lon - ger a - wea - ry, For I have a song in my heart, And Je - sus is



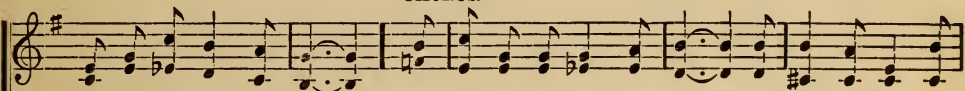
voice of a sing - er, Un - seen, set his heart a - glow; It soft - ened his sin - hardened  
eyes to the Sav - iour, He prayed for release from sin; "I'm com - ing to thee, dear - est  
my pre - cious Sav - iour, Who nev - er from me will part; He'll walk with me all thro' life's



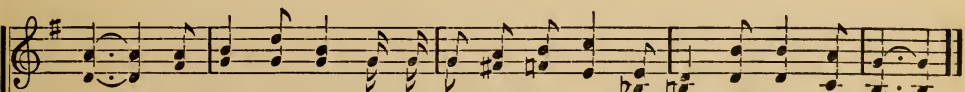
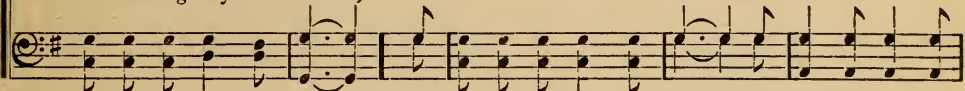
spir - it As noth - ing had done be - fore, For oft, e'en his moth - er sung it To  
moth - er," With joy in his heart, he cried; "Your wan - der - ing boy's re - turn - ing, And  
jour - ney, My con - stant com - pan - ion, friend; I'll love him and trust him, serve him, Till



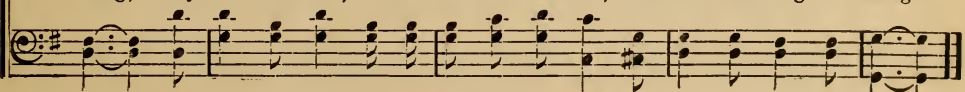
## CHORUS.



him when the day was o'er. } "O where is my boy to - night?" Up - on the soft breeze  
Je - sus is at my side." }  
life's fleet - ing day shall end." }



rang; "My heart o'erflows, for I love him he knows," The hid - den sing - er sang.





# There's a Shout in the Camp.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

There's a shout in the camp, Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry to God!

There's an ech - o in heav'n, Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry to God!

No. 76.

## The Name of Jesus.

REV. W. C. MARTIN.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. The name of Je - sus is so sweet, I love its mu - sic to repeat; It makes my joys full
2. I love the name of him whose heart Knows all my griefs and bears a part; Who bids all anxious
3. That name I fond - ly love to hear, It nev - er fails my heart to cheer, Its music dries the
4. No word of man can ev - er tell How sweet the name I love so well; O let its prais - es

CHORUS.

and complete, The precious name of Je - sus.  
 fears de - part—I love the name of Je - sus.  
 falling tears; Ex - alt the name of Je - sus.  
 ev - er swell, O praise the name of Je - sus.  
 O praise the name

"Je - sus," O how sweet the name!

"Je - sus," ev'ry day the same; "Jesus," let all saints proclaim Its worthy praise for - ev - er.  
 Its worthy praise

## No. 77.

## Does Jesus Care?

Rev. FRANK E. GRAEFF.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Does Je - sus care when my heart is pained Too deep - ly for mirth or song;  
 2. Does Je - sus care when my way is dark With a name - less dread and fear?  
 3. Does Je - sus care when I've tried and failed To re - sist some temp - ta - tion strong;  
 4. Does Je - sus care when I've said "good-bye" To the dear - est on earth to me,

As the bur - dens press, And the cares dis - tress, And the way grows wea - ry and long?  
 As the day - light fades In - to deep night shades, Does he care e - nough to be near?  
 When for my deep grief I find no re - lief, Tho' my tears flow all the night long?  
 And my sad heartaches Till it near - ly breaks - Is it aught to him? Does he see?

## CHORUS.

O yes, he cares; I know he cares, His heart is touched with my grief;

*ad lib.* *rit.*

When the days are wea - ry, The long nights dreary, I know my Sa - viour cares.  
 he cares.

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## No. 78.

## How Firm A Foundation.

G. KEITH.

M. PORTOGALLO.

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord! Is laid for your faith in his excellent word! What more can he say than to  
 2. Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed, For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and  
 3. When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow; For I will be with thee thy  
 4. The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose, I will not—I will not desert to his foes; That soul—tho' all hell should en-

# How Firm a Foundation.—Concluded.

you he hath said,— To you, who for refuge to Je- sus have fled? To you, who for refuge to Je- sus have fled?  
 cause thee to stand, Up - held by my gracious, omnipotent hand, Up - held by my gracious om-nip-o-tent hand.  
 trou- ble to bless, And sanc-ti-ty to thee thy deepest distress, And sanc-ti-ty to thee thy deepest distress.  
 deav- er to shake I'll nev- er—no never—no nev-er for- sake! I'll never—no nev-er—no nev-er for- sake.

No. 79.

## Look For Me.

A. A. PAYN.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. When you get to heav-en, as you sure-ly will, If the Sav-iour's name you own,  
 2. When you roam with friends across the heav'nly fields, Ev-er find-ing treas-ures new;  
 3. When you hear them singing round the great white throne, Songs of praise un-to the Lamb;  
 4. When you kneel in wor-ship to the King of Kings, Who has saved you by his grace;

Af-ter you have greeted those you love the best, who are standing round the throne—  
 When you stand in rapture on some star-ry height, Gazing on some glo-rious view—  
 When you hear the ransomed, with their harps of gold, Shouting "Glory to his name!"  
 When you see that Saviour who has brought you there, And with joy be-hold his face—

Hallelujah!

CHORUS.

You may look for me, for I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there!  
 I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there!

You may look for me, for I'll be there! Glo-ry to his name!  
 I'll be there! precious name!

## No. 80.

## Trusting in Jesus.

Rev. T. M. EASTWOOD.

MARY HUBBERT MUNFORD.

1. I once was burdened with my sin, But now in Christ I'm trust - ing;  
 2. The cares of earth have made me sad, But now in Christ I'm trust - ing;  
 3. Once fear of death filled me with gloom, But now in Christ I'm trust - ing;  
 4. I wea - ry walked a - long life's way, But now in Christ I'm trust - ing;

I feel his joy and peace with-in, Since in his love I'm trust - ing.  
 His pres - ence with me makes me glad, Since in his peace I'm trust - ing.  
 There is no shad - ow in the tomb, Since in his pow'r I'm trust - ing.  
 I gain fresh cour-age ev - 'ry day, Since in his grace I'm trust - ing.

## CHORUS.

Trust - ing in Je - sus ev - 'ry day, Trusting in Je - sus all the way;  
 ev - 'ry day, all the way;

Trust - ing in him, my Sav - iour and friend, Trusting in Je - sus un - to life's end.

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## No. 81.

## Deliverance Will Come.

Words arr.

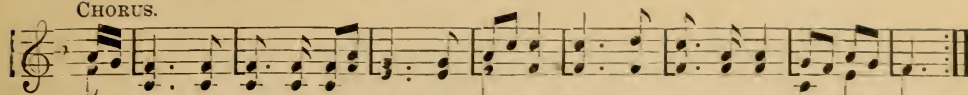
Arr. by Rev. W. M'DONALD, by per.

1. { I saw a way - worn trav - 'ler, In tat - ter'd gar - ments clad,  
 { His back was la - den heav - y, His strength was al - most gone,  
 2. { The sum - mer sun was shin - ing, The sweat was on his brow,  
 { But he kept press - ing on - ward, For he was wen - ding home;

And strug - gling up the mount - ain It seemed that he was sad; }  
 Yet he shout - ed as he jour - ney'd, De - liv - er - ance will come. }  
 His gar - ments worn and dust - y His steps seemed ver - y slow; }  
 Still shout - ing as he jour - ney'd, De - liv - er - ance will come! }

# Deliverance Will Come.—Concluded.

## CHORUS.



Then palms of vic-to-ry, crowns of glo-ry, Palms of vic-to-ry I shall wear.

3 I saw him in the evening,  
The sun was bending low,  
He'd overtopped the mountain  
And reached the vale below;  
He saw the golden city,—  
His everlasting home,—  
And shouted loud, Hosanna  
Deliverance will come!

4 While gazing on that city,  
Just o'er the narrow flood,  
A band of holy angels  
Came from the throne of God:

They bore him on their pinions  
Safe o'er the dashing foam,  
And joined him in his triumph,—  
Deliverance has come!

5 I heard the song of triumph  
They sang upon that shore,  
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us  
To suffer never more:  
Then, casting his eyes backward  
On the race which he had run,  
He shouted loud, Hosanna,  
Deliverance has come!

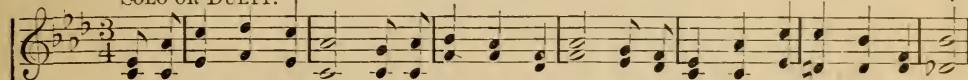
## No. 82.

# I Belong to the King.

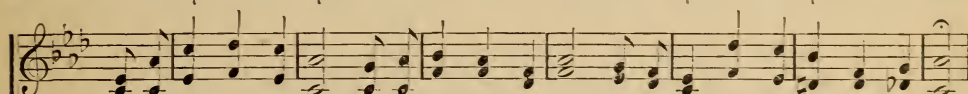
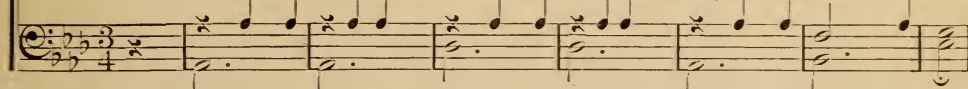
IDA L. REED.

MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

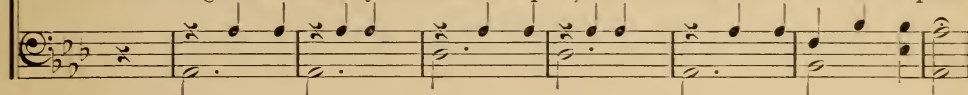
## SOLO OR DUETT.



1. I be-long to the King, I'm a child of his love. I shall dwell in his pal-ace so fair;  
2. I be-long to the King, and he loves me I know, For his mer-cy and kindness so free,  
3. I be-long to the King, and his promise is sure, That we all shall be gathered at last



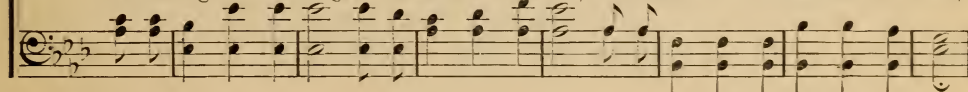
For he tells of its bliss in yon heav-en a-bove, And his children its splendors shall share.  
Are un-ceas-ing-ly mine, Where-so-ev-er I go And my re-fuge un-fail-ing is he.  
In his kingdom a-bove, by life's waters so pure, When this life with its tri-als is past.



## CHORUS.



I be-long to the King, I'm a child of his love, And he nev-er for-sak-eth his own;



He will call me some day to his pal-ace a-bove, I shall dwell by his glo-ri-fied throne.

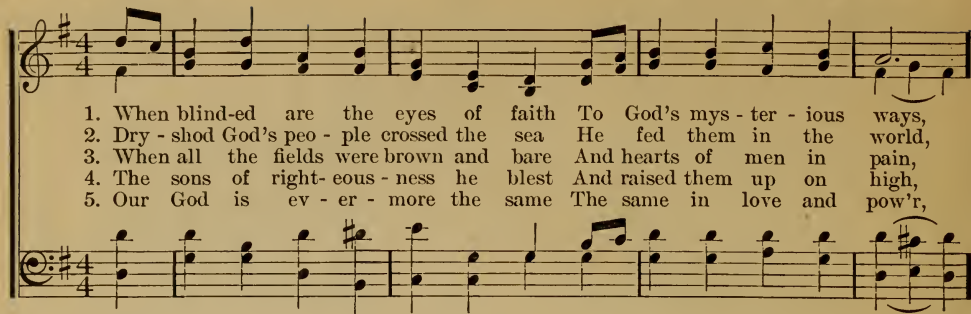


## No. 83.

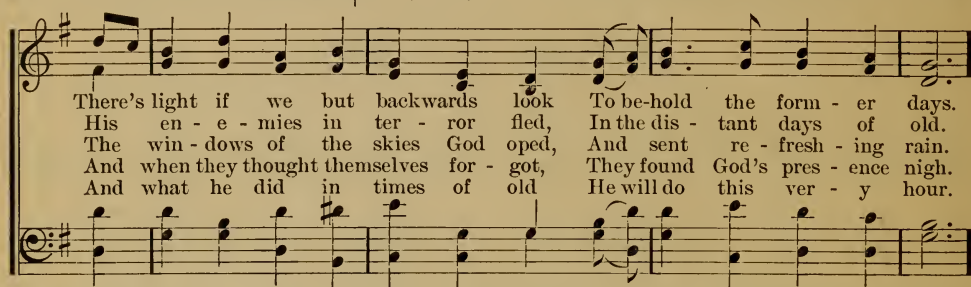
## The Former Days.

T. M. EASTWOOD.

MARY HUBBERT MUNFORD.

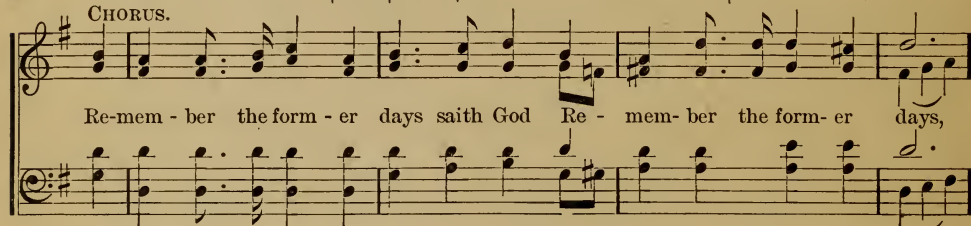


1. When blind-ed are the eyes of faith To God's mys - ter - ious ways,  
 2. Dry - shod God's peo - ple crossed the sea He fed them in the world,  
 3. When all the fields were brown and bare And hearts of men in pain,  
 4. The sons of right-eous - ness he blest And raised them up on high,  
 5. Our God is ev - er - more the same The same in love and pow'r,

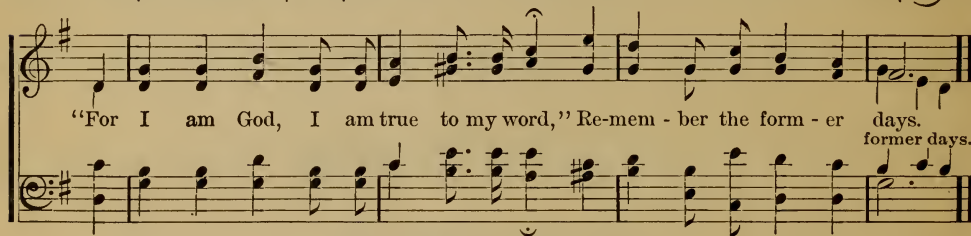


There's light if we but backwards look To be-hold the form - er days.  
 His en - e - mies in ter - ror fled, In the dis - tant days of old.  
 The win - dows of the skies God oped, And sent re - fresh - ing rain.  
 And when they thought themselves for - got, They found God's pres - ence nigh.  
 And what he did in times of old He will do this ver - y hour.

## CHORUS.



Re-mem - ber the form - er days saith God Re - mem - ber the form - er days,



"For I am God, I am true to my word," Re-mem - ber the form - er days.  
 former days.

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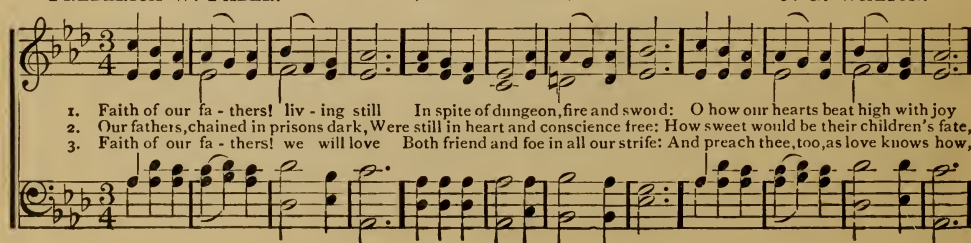
## No. 84.

## Faith of Our Fathers.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

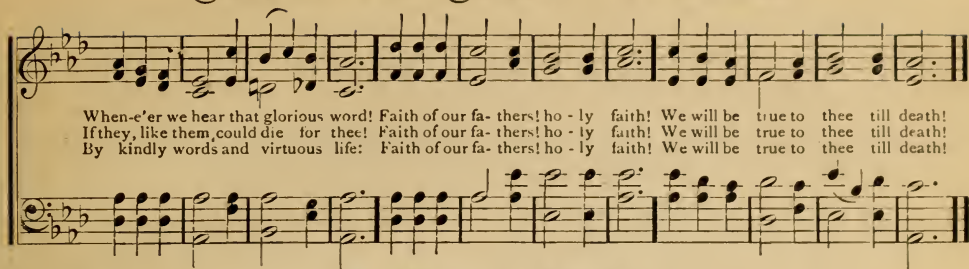
(ST. CATHERINE.)

J. G. WALTON.



1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dungeon, fire and sword: O how our hearts beat high with joy  
 2. Our fathers, chained in prisons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free: How sweet would be their children's fate,  
 3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife: And preach thee, too, as love knows how,

# Faith of Our Fathers.—Concluded.



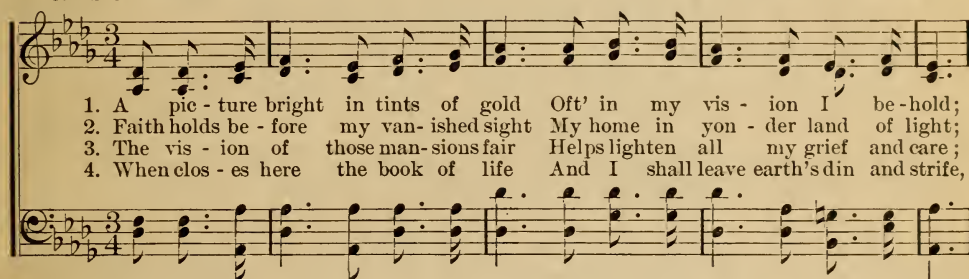
When-e'er we hear that glorious word! Faith of our fa-thers! ho-ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!  
 If they, like them, could die for thee! Faith of our fa-thers! ho-ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!  
 By kindly words and virtuous life: Faith of our fa-thers! ho-ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!

No. 85.

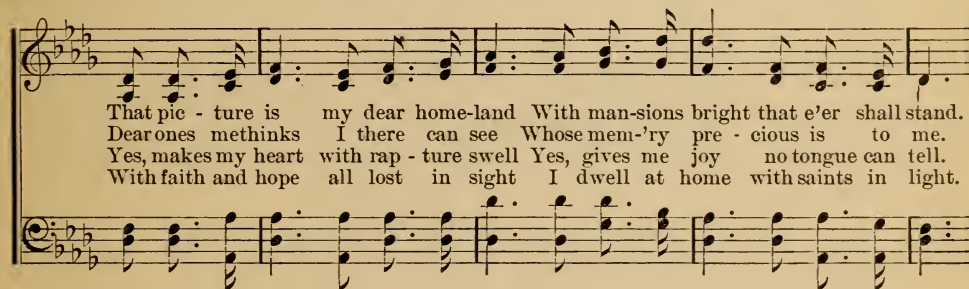
## A Picture Bright.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.

C. HAROLD LOWDEN.

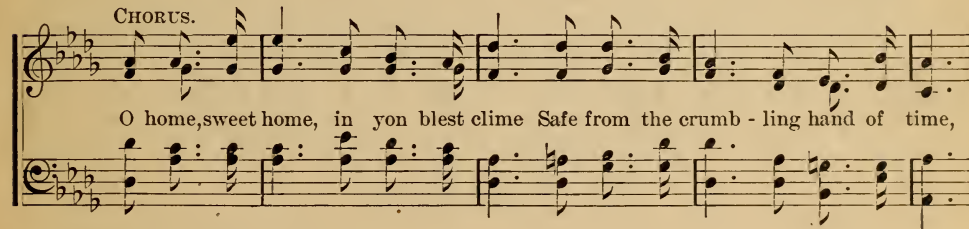


1. A pic-ture bright in tints of gold Off' in my vis-ion I be-hold;
2. Faith holds be-fore my van-ished sight My home in yon-der land of light;
3. The vis-ion of those man-sions fair Helps lighten all my grief and care;
4. When clos-es here the book of life And I shall leave earth's din and strife,

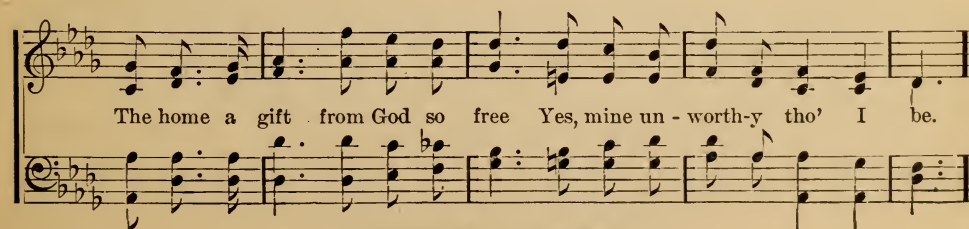


That pic-ture is my dear home-land With man-sions bright that e'er shall stand.  
 Dear ones methinks I there can see Whose mem'-ry pre-cious is to me.  
 Yes, makes my heart with rap-ture swell Yes, gives me joy no tongue can tell.  
 With faith and hope all lost in sight I dwell at home with saints in light.

CHORUS.



O home, sweet home, in yon blest clime Safe from the crumb-ling hand of time,



The home a gift from God so free Yes, mine un-worth-y tho' I be.

## No. 86.

## Somebody's Praying For You.

IDA. L. REED.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

DUETT. *Slowly.*

QUARTETTE.

1. Come to the Fa-ther, O wan-der - er, come, Somebody's pray-ing for you,  
 2. God's voice is call - ing, O do not de - lay, Somebody's pray-ing for you,  
 3. Quench not the spir - it but yield from your heart, Somebody's pray-ing for you,

DUETT.

QUARTETTE.

Turn from the sin-paths no long-er to roam, Somebody's praying for you.....  
 Bow at the mer-cy-seat, bend while you may, Somebody's praying for you.....  
 God waits his par-don, his peace to im-part, Somebody's praying for you.....  
 is pray-ing for you.

DUETT.

QUARTETTE.

Some-bod- y loves you where-ever you stray, Bears y'ou in faith to God day aft - er day;  
 Some-bod-y's wres'ling in pray'r for your soul, Long-ing to see you made per-fect-ly whole;  
 Kneel in your weakness con-fess-ing your sin Tho' they are ma-n-y and dark tho' they've been;

DUETT.

QUARTETTE.

Pray'r-ful-ly fol-lows you all the dark way, Somebody's praying for you, for you.  
 Down where the bil-lows of Cal - va - ry roll, Somebody's praying for you, for you.  
 O - pen your heart let love's cleansing tide in, Somebody's praying for you, for you.

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## No. 87.

## The Solid Rock.

EDWARD MOTE.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

REFRAIN.

1. { My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness; } On Christ, the sol - id  
 { I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Je-sus' name. }

# The Solid Rock.—Concluded.

rock, I stand; All oth- er ground is sink- ing sand, All oth- er ground is sink- ing sand.

2 When darkness veils his lovely face  
I rest on his unchanging grace;  
In every high and stormy gale,  
My anchor holds within the veil.

3 His oath, his covenant, his blood,  
Support me in the whelming flood;

When all around my soul gives way,  
He then is all my hope and stay.

• 4 When he shall come with trumpet sound,  
O may I then in him be found;  
Dressed in his righteousness alone,  
Faultless to stand before the throne!

No. 88.

## Go With the Wonderful Story.

IDA L. REED.

MARY HUBBERT MUNFORD.

1. Go with the won- der- ful sto- ry, News of his mer- cy sweet,  
2. Go with the tid- ings of glad- ness Man- y are they that wait,  
3. Go for his sake with re- joic- ing, Car- ry the light of love

Down where the lost ones are stray- ing, Win them to Je- sus' feet.  
Down in the sin- path's drear- y, Go ere it be to late.  
In- to earth's des- so- late pla- ces, Point them to heav'n a- bove.

CHORUS.

Go with the won- der- ful sto- ry, Tell it a- gain and a- gain,

Won- der- ful news! won- der- ful news Je- sus has died for men.....  
died for men.

## No. 89.

## A Building Not Made With Hands.

H. J. L.

HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. { In the place of mansions fair I have waiting for me there A building not made with hands; }  
 2. { So I'll sing a joy-ful song, For I'll go ere ver-y long To a building not made with hands; }  
 3. { Thro' the Pente-cos-tal pow'r I am saved this ver-y hour A building not made with hands; }  
 4. { For the precious blood applied Makes me fully sat-is-fied A building not made with hands. }  
 5. { When my earthly work is o'er And I reach the other shore A building not made with hands; }  
 6. { I shall see my Saviour's face Who redeemed me by his grace A building not made with hands. }

## CHORUS.

Not made with hands, not made with hands A building not made with hands, Hal-le-lu-jah!

And I soon shall a-way for-ev-er to stay In the building not made with hands.

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## No. 90.

## Only A Veil Between.

J. B. M.

J. B. MACKAY.

1. Je - sus has en-tered with-in the veil That hides the bright homeland from me;  
 2. Friends I loved dear, who have gone be-fore I'll meet at the beau-ti-ful throne;  
 3. Won-der-ful vis-ions shall I be-hold, When in-to that homeland I go;  
 4. Ho-li-est rap-ture shall fill my soul, When Je - sus my Saviour I see;

And when I at last the veil have pass'd, His glo-ry my eyes shall see  
 With heav-en-ly bands I'll strike glad hands And know e'en as I am known.  
 And mu-sic more sweet my ear will greet, Than e'er I have known be-low.  
 On heav'n's homeland shore the veil no more Shall hide his dear face from me. shall see.

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# Only A Veil Between.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

On - ly a veil, on - ly a veil On - ly a veil be - tween;

It is not far a - way to the home - land, There is on - ly a veil be - tween.

No. 91.

## Some Glad Morning.

JAMES ROWE.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Cloud - less skies will meet my sight, All my wrongs will end in right,  
 2. Miss - ing friends, for whom I sigh Deep - er as the years go by,  
 3. With my bur - den laid a - side, I shall wake be - yond the tide  
 4. I shall hear the an - gels sing, And the bells of heav - en ring,

CHORUS.

I shall thrill with pure de - light, Some glad morn - ing.  
 I shall meet in yon - der sky, Some glad morn - ing.  
 And be ful - ly sat - is - fied, Some glad morn - ing.  
 I shall stand be - fore the King, Some glad morn - ing.

Some glad morn - ing,

Some fair dawn - ing, I shall reach the bless - ed goal, Some glad morn - ing.

## No. 92.

## Since I Found My Saviour.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Life wears a dif - ferent face to me, Since I found my Sav - iour;  
 2. He sought me in his wond'rous love, So I found my Sav - iour,  
 3. The pass - ing cloud may in - ter - vene, Since I found my Sav - iour,  
 4. A strong hand kind - ly holds my own, Since I found my Sav - iour,

Rich mer - cy at the cross I see, My dy - ing, liv - ing Sav - iour.  
 He brought sal - va - tion from a - bove, My dear, al - might - y Sav - iour.  
 But he is with me, though un - seen, My ev - er - pres - ent Sav - iour.  
 It leads me on - ward to the throne, O there I'll see my Sav - iour.

## CHORUS.

Gold - en sun - beams 'round me play, Je - sus turns my night to day,

Heav - en seems not far a - way, Since I found my Sav - iour.

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## No. 93.

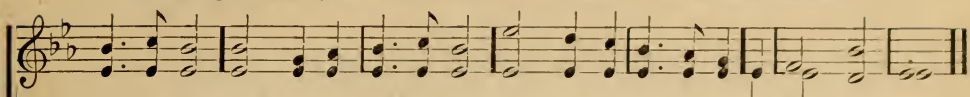
## My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER.

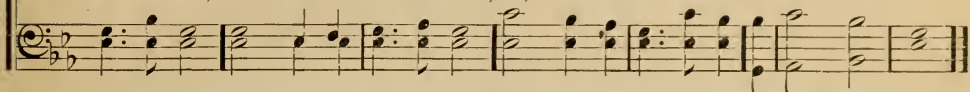
LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me  
 2. May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in - spire! As Thou hast  
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my guide, Bid dark - ness  
 4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - iour

# My Faith Looks Up to Thee.—Concluded.



while I pray; Take all my guilt a-way; Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!  
 died for me, Oh, may my love to Thee Pure, warm and changless be—A liv - ing fire!  
 turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears a-way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.  
 then in love, Fear and dis-trust re-move; Oh, bear me safe a-bove—A ran-somed soul.

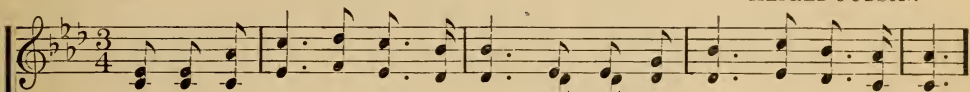


No. 94.

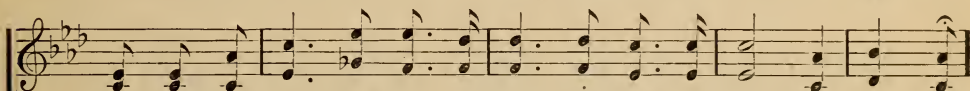
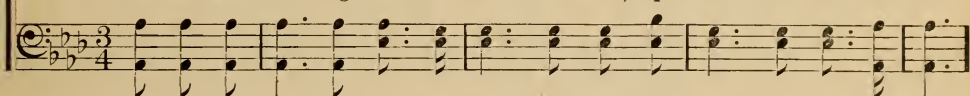
## 'Tis Jesus!

S.C. KIRK.

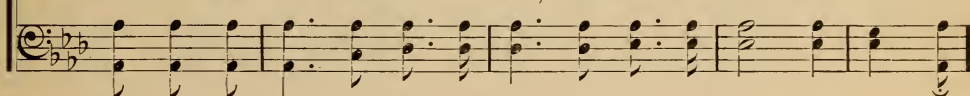
ALFRED JUDSON.



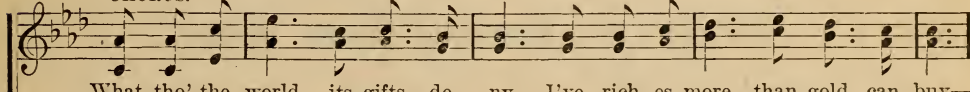
1. In land or store I may be poor; My place un-known, my name ob-scure;
2. On life's rough sea how frail my bark! But in the storm and dens-est dark
3. When shadows deep a-round me fall, And gloom and fear my soul en-thrall,
4. Soon will this fleet-ing life be o'er: O then, up-on the oth-er shore



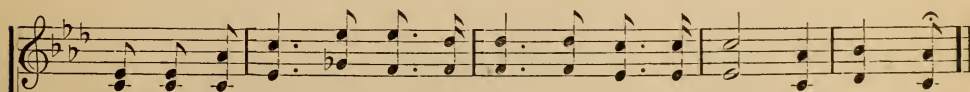
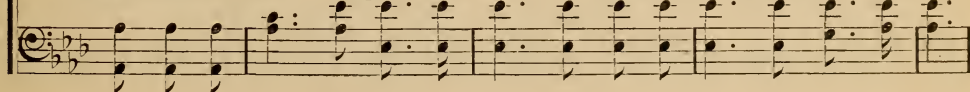
Of this I have the wit-ness sure; O bless the Lord I've Je - sus!  
 I have a safe and trust-ed Ark; O bless the Lord 'tis Je - sus!  
 There is an arm be-neath them all; O bless the Lord 'tis Je - sus!  
 I'll be with him for-ev-er more, For-ev-er more with Je - sus.



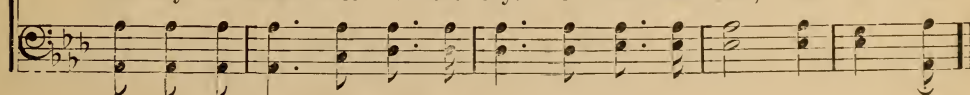
CHORUS.



What tho' the world its gifts de - ny, I've rich-es more than gold can buy—



The key to treas-ures in the sky! O bless the Lord, I've Je - sus!



1. Je - sus, my Saviour, is all things to me, Oh, what a won - der - ful Saviour is he:  
 2. Je - sus in sickness, And Je - sus in health, Je - sus in pov - er - ty, Comfort or wealth,  
 3. He is my Re - fuge, my Rock, and my Tower, He is my Fortress, my Strength and my Pow'r;  
 4. He is my Prophet, my Priest and my King, He is my Bread of life, Fountain and Spring;  
 5. Je - sus in sor - row, in joy, or in pain, Je - sus my Treasure in loss or in gain;

Guiding, pro - tect - ing, o'er life's rolling sea, Might - y De - liv - 'rer— Je - sus for me.  
 Sunshine or tempest, what - ev - er it be, He is my safe - ty:— Je - sus for me.  
 Life ev - er - last - ing, my Day'sman is he, Bless - ed Re - deem - er— Je - sus for me.  
 Bright Sun of Righteousness, Day - star is he, Horn of Sal - va - tion— Je - sus for me.  
 Constant Companion, where'er I may be, Liv - ing or dy - ing— Je - sus for me!

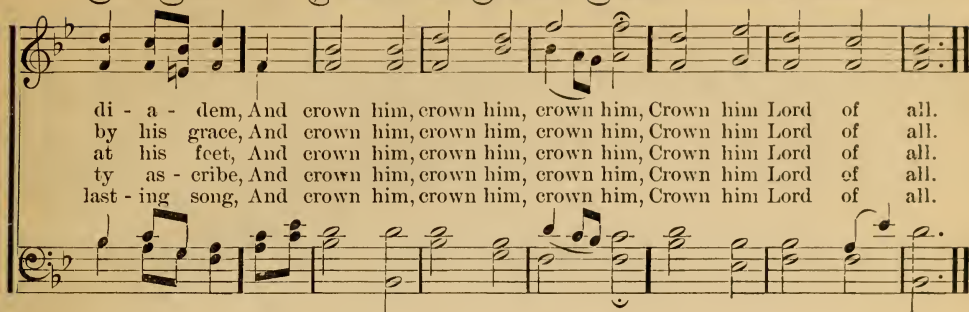
CHORUS.

Je - sus for me, Je - sus for me, All the time, ev - 'ry - where, Je - sus for me.

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1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - al  
 2. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail him who saves you  
 3. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall; Go, spread your trophies  
 4. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res - trial ball, To him all ma - jes -  
 5. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng, We at his feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er -

# All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name—Concluded.



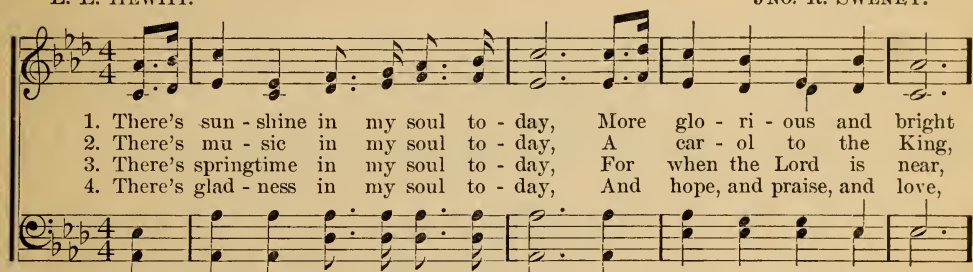
di - a - dem, And crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown him Lord of all.  
 by his grace, And crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown him Lord of all.  
 at his feet, And crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown him Lord of all.  
 ty as - cribe, And crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown him Lord of all.  
 last - ing song, And crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown him Lord of all.

No. 97.

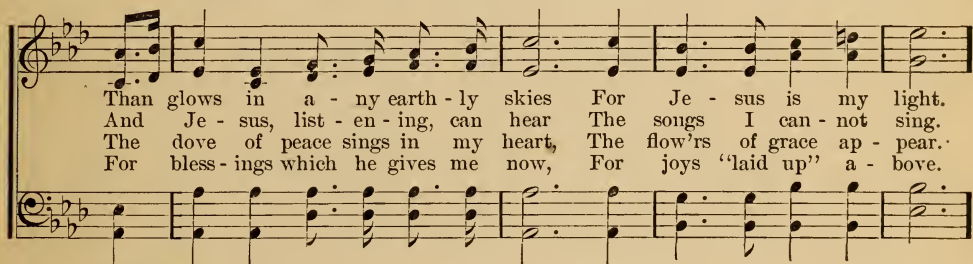
## Sunshine in the Soul.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

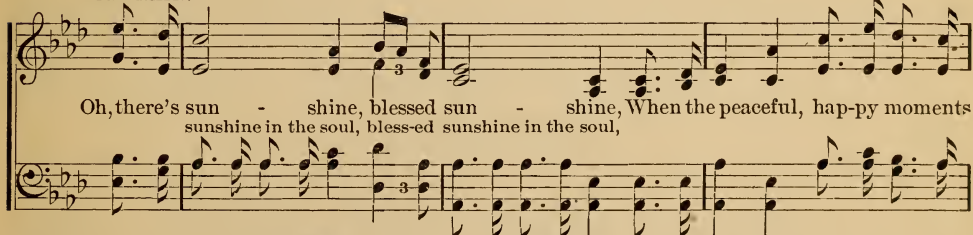


1. There's sun - shine in my soul to - day, More glo - ri - ous and bright  
 2. There's mu - sic in my soul to - day, A car - ol to the King,  
 3. There's springtime in my soul to - day, For when the Lord is near,  
 4. There's glad - ness in my soul to - day, And hope, and praise, and love,

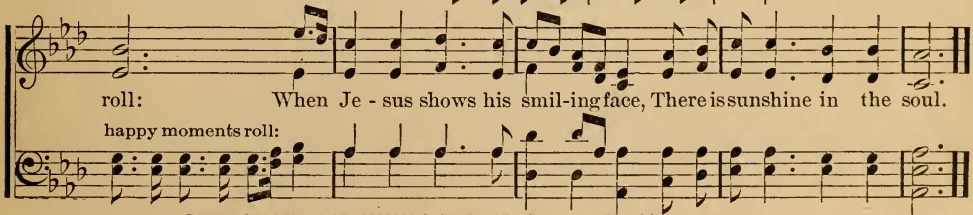


Than glows in a - ny earth - ly skies For Je - sus is my light.  
 And Je - sus, list - en - ing, can hear The songs I can - not sing.  
 The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap - pear.  
 For bless - ings which he gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.

### REFRAIN.



Oh, there's sun - shine, blessed sun - shine, When the peaceful, hap - py moments  
 sunshine in the soul, bless - ed sunshine in the soul,



roll: When Je - sus shows his smil - ing face, There is sunshine in the soul.  
 happy moments roll:

## No. 98.

## Wondrous Treasures.

IDA L. REED.

MARY HUBBERT MUNFORD.

*Slowly.*

1. I have treas-ures, won-drous treas-ures, That are pre-cious to my soul,  
 2. Peace that pass-eth un-der-stand-ing, Hope in him that can-not die,  
 3. O-ver there a home so bless-ed, Where there shall be no more night,  
 4. You may have these bless-ed treas-ures, Un-to you he will be-stow

And they grow still dear-er, dear-er, As the glad years on-ward roll.  
 Full-ness of his love er-ter-nal Fore-taste of the joy on high.  
 Death and sin may nev-er en-ter, All is love and peace and light.  
 And each trust-ing soul who seeks them, Shall their bless-ed sweet-ness know.

CHORUS.

Gifts are they from God my Fa-ther, Straight from his dear hands they came,

Gifts that nev-er more shall per-ish, Mine for ev-er, Praise his name.

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## No. 99.

## Happy Day.

DODDRIDGE.

RIMBAULT.

S: REFRAIN.

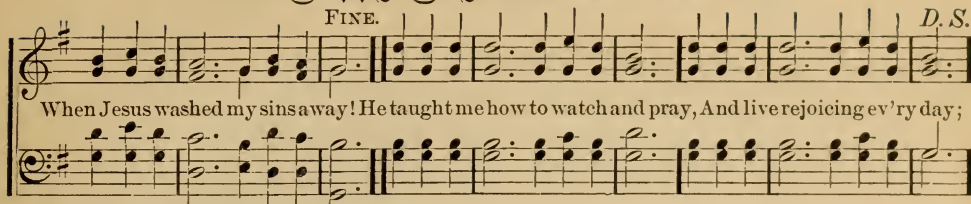
1. { Ohappy day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God! } Happy day, hap-py day,  
 { Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad. }

D.S.—Hap-py day, hap-py day,

# Happy Day.—Concluded.

FINE.

*D. S.*



When Jesus washed my sins away! He taught me how to watch and pray, And live rejoicing ev'ry day;

When Jesus washed my sins away!

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows  
To him who merits all my love!  
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,  
While to that sacred shrine I move.

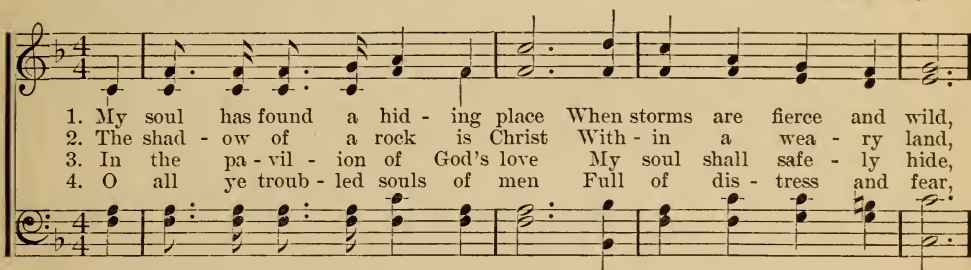
3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;  
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;  
He drew me, and I followed on,  
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

## No. 100.

## My Hiding Place.

T. M. EASTWOOD.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

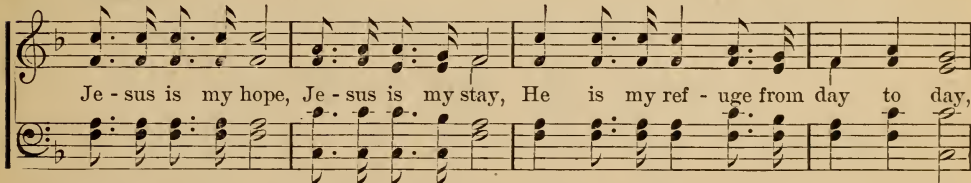


1. My soul has found a hid - ing place When storms are fierce and wild,  
2. The shad - ow of a rock is Christ With - in a wea - ry land,  
3. In the pa - vil - ion of God's love My soul shall safe - ly hide,  
4. O all ye troub - led souls of men Full of dis - tress and fear,

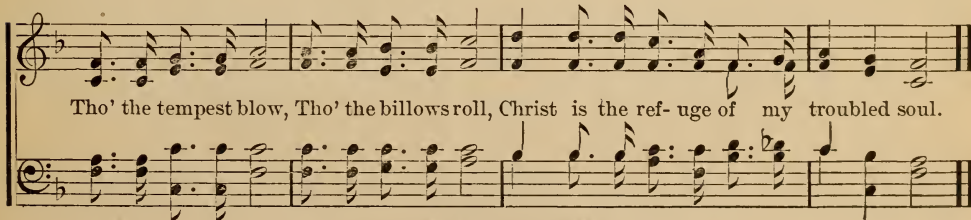


En - fold - ed in the arms of love I am my Fa - ther's child.  
A help - er in our soul's dis - tress A co - vert near at hand.  
Un - til life's storms are o - ver - past, In Christ will I a - bide.  
Be - hold, be - hold your ref - uge nigh, Be - hold a Sav - iour near.

CHORUS.



Je - sus is my hope, Je - sus is my stay, He is my ref - uge from day to day,



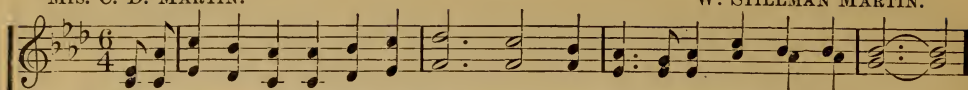
Tho' the tempest blow, Tho' the billows roll, Christ is the ref - uge of my troubled soul.

## No. 101.

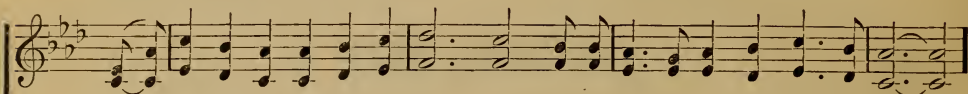
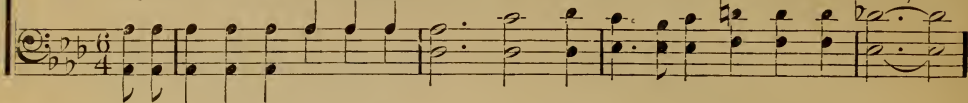
## Your Sins are Remembered No More.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

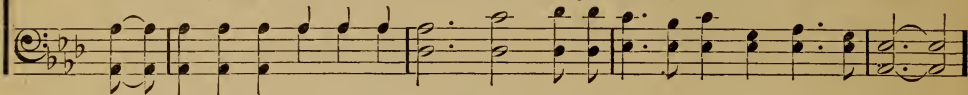
W. STILLMAN MARTIN.



1. Tho' your sins are as red as the crim - son, As countless as sands on the shore,  
 2. Tho' your sins are as deep as the scar - let, To judgment they've gone on be - fore,  
 3. If you ev - er ex - pect to reach heav - en The Saviour a - lone is the door;



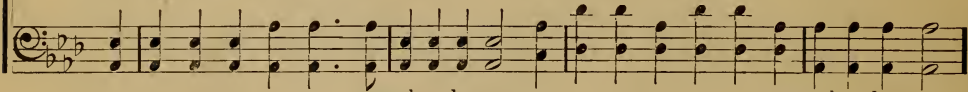
In the blood of the blessed Re - deem - er They are cleansed and remembered no more.  
 The blood of the Sav - iour will cleanse you, And your sins he'll remem - ber no more.  
 In his life you are safe now and ev - er And your sins are re - mem - bered no more.



## CHORUS.

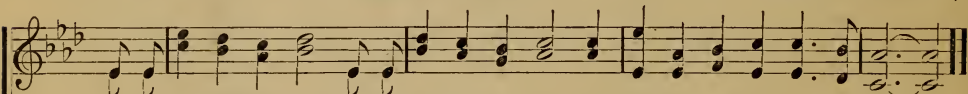


Your sins are remembered no more, Your sins are remembered no more,

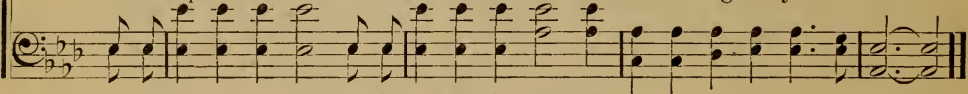


remembered no more,

remembered no more,



To the depth of the sea he has cast them to be Re - mem - bered against you no more.



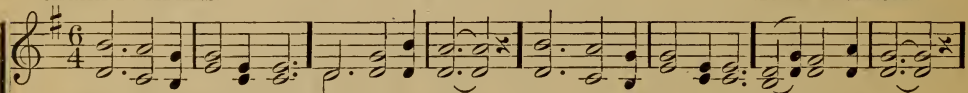
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## No. 102.

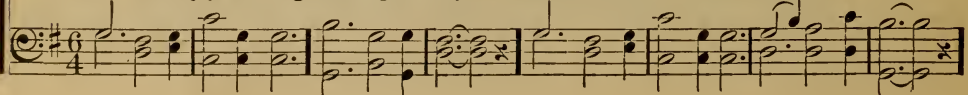
## Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

LOWELL MASON.



1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee; E'en tho' it be a cross, That raiseth me;  
 2. Tho' like a wan - der - er The sun gone down, Dark - ness be o - ver me My rest a stone;  
 3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heav'n; All that thousandest me, In mer - cy giv'n;  
 4. Then with my waking tho'ts Bright with thy praise, Out of my sto - ny griefs, Bethel I'll raise;  
 5. Or if, on joy - ful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon and stars forgot, Up - ward I fly;



# Nearer, My God, to Thee.—Concluded.

Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee!  
 Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee!  
 An-gels to beckon me Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee!  
 So by my woes to be Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee!  
 Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee!

No. 103.

## Heartily Unto the Lord.

T. M. EASTWOOD.

MARY HUBBERT MUNFORD.

1. When-ev-er you toil for the Mast-er, Ne'er think of the promised re-ward,  
 2. When-ev-er you join in the prais-es Of him by the an-gels a-dored,  
 3. When-ev-er you scat-ter the mer-cies Which grace in your gar-ners has stored,  
 4. When-ev-er you find your life rich-er In love which the Lord hath out-poured,

Go out and per-form ev-'ry du-ty, Heart-i-ly un-to the Lord.  
 Sing out your glad song of thanks-giv-ing, Heart-i-ly un-to the Lord.  
 The gifts of your love shall be prof-fered, Heart-i-ly un-to the Lord.  
 Be sure you re-spond to the mer-cy Heart-i-ly un-to the Lord.

CHORUS.

Un-to the Lord, un-to the Lord, Heart-i-ly un-to the Lord;

Go forth and perform ev-'ry du-ty Heart-i-ly un-to the Lord.....  
 the Lord.

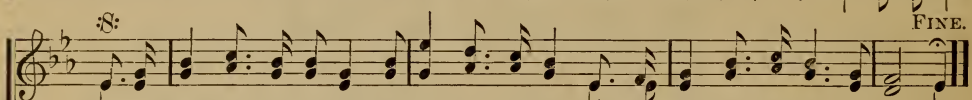
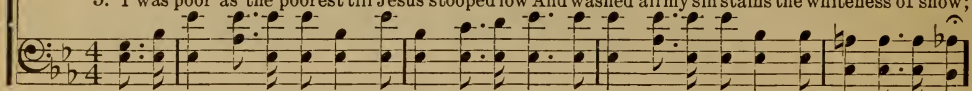
## I Was Poor as the Poorest.

FRANK H. MASHAW.

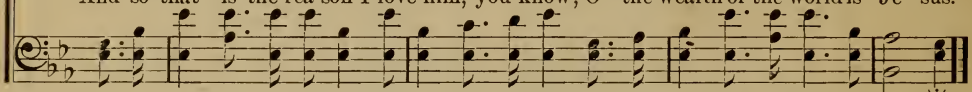
J. LINCOLN HALL.



1. I was poor as the poorest outcast from the fold, I sank by the wayside with hunger and cold;
2. I was poor as the poorest, I shrank from the throng, I hid in the darkness that dwelt with me long;
3. I was poor as the poorest, I wandered a-lone, No place for a dwelling, my pillow a stone;
4. I was poor as the poorest, he came from the sky With love that was deathless for sinners to die;
5. I was poor as the poorest till Jesus stooped low And washed all my sin stains the whiteness of snow;

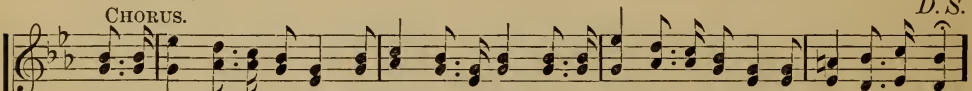


But he bade me look upward his rich-es behold; O the wealth of the world is Je - sus.  
 But he came like the morning with sunlight and song Now the light of my life is Je - sus.  
 But I heard someone whisper, "My child, still my own," Now the peace of my heart is Je - sus.  
 And he bled there on Cal'v'ry my heart said, "'Tis I;" Now the love in my soul is Je - sus.  
 And so that is the rea-son I love him, you know; O the wealth of the world is Je - sus.

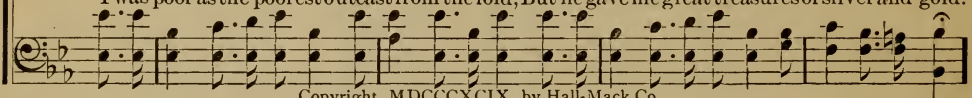


*D.S.*—And a man-sion up yonder that nev-er grows old, For the wealth of the world is Je - sus. *D.S.*

## CHORUS.



I was poor as the poorest outcast from the fold, But he gave me great treasures of silver and gold.

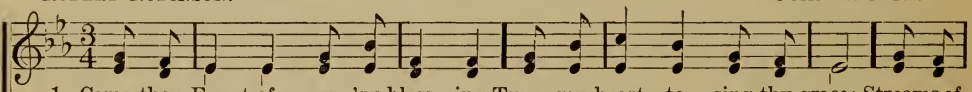


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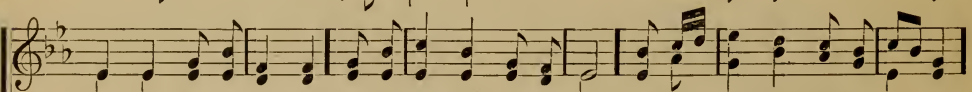
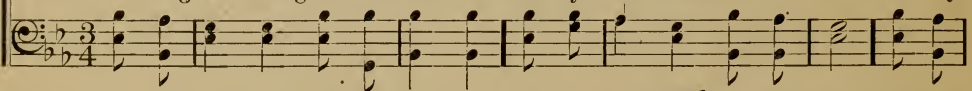
## Come, Thou Fount.

ROBERT ROBINSON.

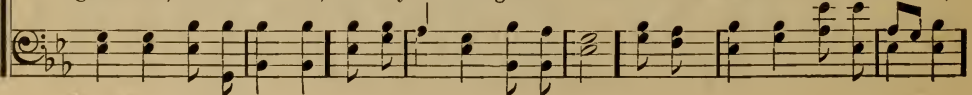
JOHN WYETH.



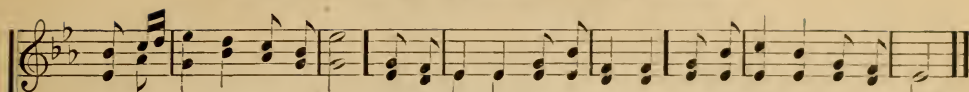
1. Come, thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; Streams of
2. Here I raise mine Eb-en-e-zer; Hith-er by thy help I'm com-e; And I
3. O to grace how great a debt-or Dai-ly I'm constrained to be! Let thy



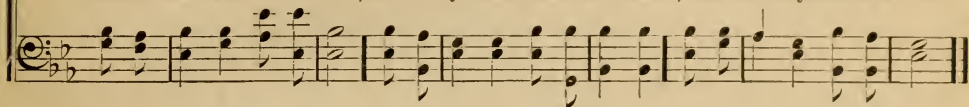
mer-cy nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise. Teach me some melodious son-net,  
 hope, by thy good pleasure, Safely to ar-rive at home. Je-sus sought me as a stran-ger  
 good-ness, like a fet-ter, Bind my wandering heart to thee: Prone to wander, Lord I feel it,



# Come, Thou Fount.—Concluded.



Sung by flaming tongues above; Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—Mount of thy redeeming love.  
Wand'ring from the fold of God; He, to res-cue me from danger, In-ter-posed his precious blood.  
Prone to leave the God I love; Here's my heart O take and seal it; Seal it for thy courts a-bove.

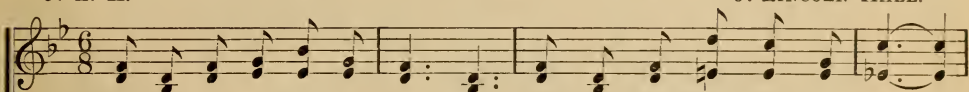


No. 106.

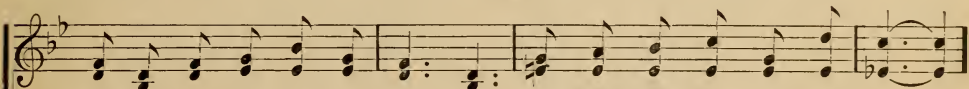
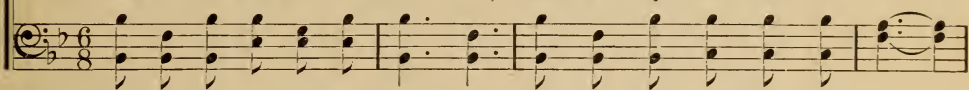
## The Witness of the Spirit.

J. L. H.

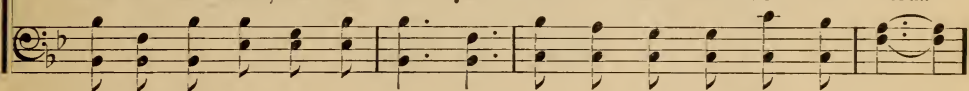
J. LINCOLN HALL.



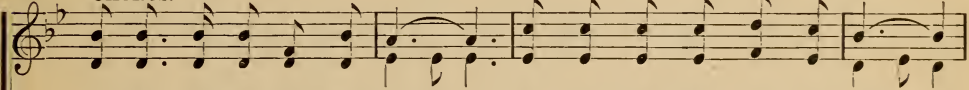
1. Christ is my por-tion for-ev-er, He is my Sav-iour from sin.
2. He is my fort-ress and tow-er, He is my guide and my King.
3. Praise to the one who re-deems me, Praise to my cru-ci-fied Lord.



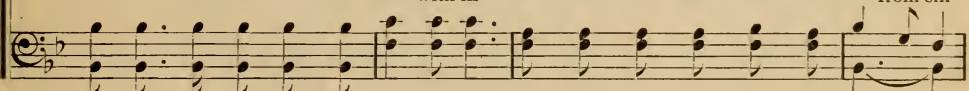
He is my bless-ed sal-va-tion, I have the wit-ness with-in.....  
He is my shep-herd my keep-er Joy-ful-ly now I can sing...  
Now I am saved, hal-le-lu-jah! Praise for the won-der-ful word..



CHORUS.



I have the wit-ness with-in..... Je-sus now saves me from sin.....  
with-in from sin



In his heart I've a place I am saved by his grace And I have the wit-ness with-in.....  
with-in.



No. 107.

# Higher Ground.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I'm pressing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gain-ing ev'-ry day; Still praying as I  
 2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts arise and fears dismay; Tho' some may dwell where  
 3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Sa-tan's darts at me are hurled; For faith has caught the  
 4. I want to scale the ut-most height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright; But still I'll pray till

CHORUS.  
 onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."  
 these abound, My pray'r, my aim is higher ground.  
 joy-ful sound, The song of saints on higher ground.  
 heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on higher ground."

Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on  
 heaven's ta-ble-land; A high-er plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground.

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No. 108.

# Send It Now.

C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Send sal - va - tion, Lord, send thy full sal - va - tion, Lord, Send it now,  
 2. Send thy par - don, Lord, send thy gra-cious par - don, Lord, Send it now,  
 4. Send, O send the fire, send the all re - fin - ing fire, Send it now, send it now,

send it now; Come in sav - ing grace, sweep these al - tars, fill this place,  
 send it now; Lost with-out thy grace, show thy rec - on - cil - ed face,  
 send it now; O con-sume our sin, sanc-ti - fy and make us clean,  
 send it now,

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# Send It Now.—Concluded.

Send sal - va - tion, send it now, send sal - va - tion, send it now.  
 Send thy par - don, send it now, send thy par - don, send it now.  
 Send the fire, O send it now, send the fire, O send it now.

- 4 Send, O send the power, send the Pentecostal power.  
 Send it now, send it now;  
 Blessed Holy Ghost, breathe upon this waiting host,  
 Send the power, O send it now, send the power, O send it now.
- 5 For he comes, he comes, lo, the blessed Spirit comes,  
 Fills me now, fills me now;  
 Fully saved I am, glory, glory to the Lamb,  
 For he comes and fills me now, for he comes and fills me now.

No. 109.

## The Comforter has Come!

"I will pray the Father and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever."—John 14: 16.

Rev. F. BOTTOME, D. D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O spread the tid-ings round, where-ev - er man is found, Where-ev - er hu-man hearts  
 2. The long, long night is past, the morn-ing breaks at last, And hush'd the dreadful wail  
 3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal-ing in his wings, To ev - 'ry cap-tive soul  
 4. O boundless love di-vine! how shall this tongue of mine To won'dring mortals tell  
 5. Sing, till the ech-oes fly a-bove the vaulted sky, And all the saints a-bove

D. S.—Ho-ly Ghost from heav'n.

and hu - man woes a - bound; Let ev - 'ry Christian tongue proclaim the joy ful sound:  
 and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the golden hills the day ad-van-ces fast!  
 a full de-liv-'rance brings; And thro' the va-cant cells the song of triumph rings:  
 the match-less grace di-vine—That I, a child of sin, should in his im-age shine!  
 to all be-low re - ply, In strains of endless love, the song that ne'er will die:

The Fath-er's promise giv'n: O spread the tidings round, Where-ev - er man is found—

CHORUS.

The Com - fort - er has come! The Com-fort - er has come, The Com-fort - er has come! The

The Com - fort - er has come!

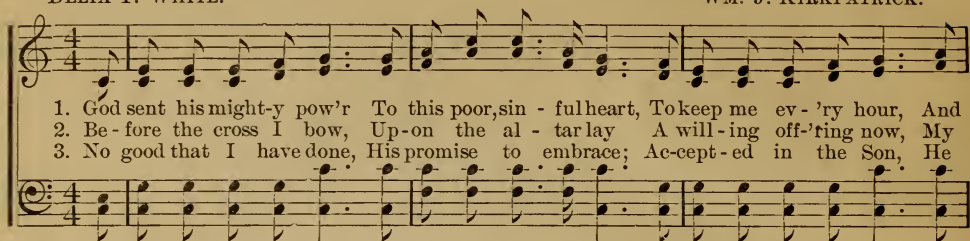
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No. 110.

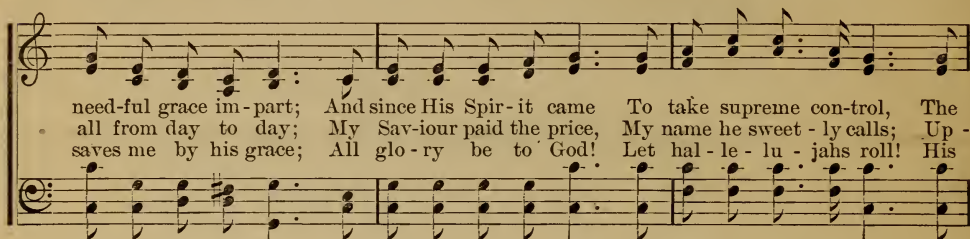
'Tis Burning In My Soul.

DELIA T. WHITE.

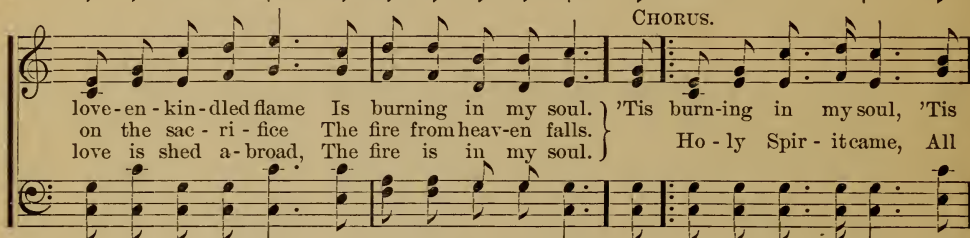
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



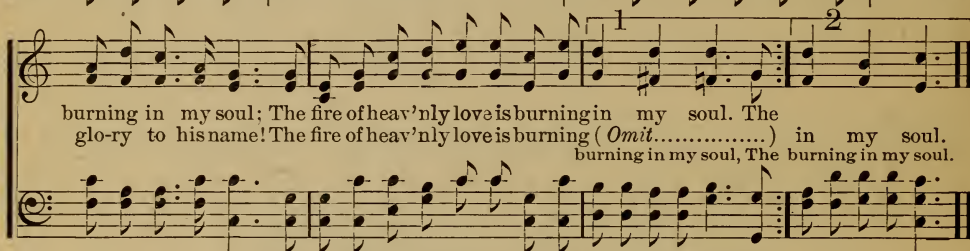
1. God sent his might-y pow'r To this poor, sin - ful heart, To keep me ev - 'ry hour, And  
 2. Be - fore the cross I bow, Up - on the al - tar lay A will - ing off - 'ting now, My  
 3. No good that I have done, His promise to embrace; Ac - cept - ed in the Son, He



need - ful grace im - part; And since His Spir - it came To take supreme con - trol, The  
 all from day to day; My Sav - iour paid the price, My name he sweet - ly calls; Up -  
 saves me by his grace; All glo - ry be to God! Let hal - le - lu - jahs roll! His



CHORUS.  
 love - en - kin - dled flame Is burning in my soul. 'Tis burn - ing in my soul, 'Tis  
 on the sac - ri - fice The fire from heav - en falls. } Ho - ly Spir - it came, All  
 love is shed a - broad, The fire is in my soul. }



burning in my soul; The fire of heav'nly love is burning in my soul. The  
 glo - ry to his name! The fire of heav'nly love is burning (Omit.....) in my soul.  
 burning in my soul, The burning in my soul.

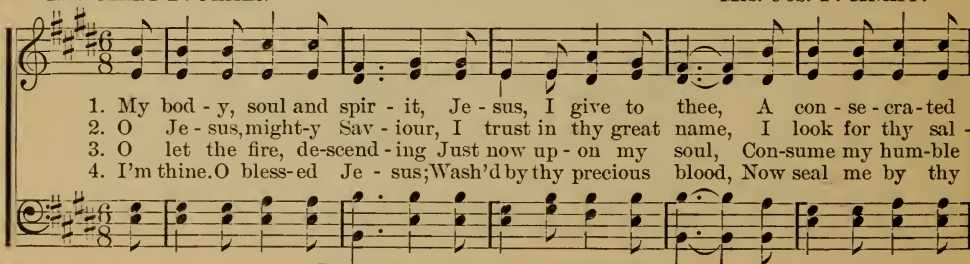
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No. 111.

Consecration.

Mrs. MARY D. JAMES.

Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.



1. My bod - y, soul and spir - it, Je - sus, I give to thee, A con - se - cra - ted  
 2. O Je - sus, might-y Sav - iour, I trust in thy great name, I look for thy sal -  
 3. O let the fire, de - scend - ing Just now up - on my soul, Con - sume my hum - ble  
 4. I'm thine, O bless - ed Je - sus; Wash'd by thy precious blood, Now seal me by thy

From "Notes of Joy." Used by permission.

# Consecration.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

off - 'ring Thine ev - er - more to be.  
va - tion, Thy prom - ise now I claim.  
off - 'ring, And cleanse and make me whole.  
Spir - it, A sac - ra - fice to God.

My all is on the al - tar, I'm

wait - ing for the fire; Wait - ing, waiting, wait - ing, I'm wait - ing for the fire.

No. 112.

## O Lord, Send The Power.

MARY HUBBERT MUNFORD.

Arr. by H. J. LACEY.

1. When the pow'r of God de - scend - ed On the day of Pen - te - cost All the  
2. Tongues of flame came down up - on them, And they preach'd the word in pow'r, List'n'ing  
3. We are wait - ing, Ho - ly Spir - it We are all of one ac - cord Lord ful -  
4. Fill and thrill us with thy pres - ence, Grant the bless - ing that we need Flood our

O Lord, send the pow'r just now;  
O Lord, send the pow'r

O Lord, send the pow'r just now, O Lord, send the pow'r just now, And baptize ev'ry one.  
O Lord, send the pow'r, O Lord, send the pow'r

No. 113.

O For a Heart.

CHARLES WESLEY

From LOUIS SPORR

I. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free,

A heart that al - ways feels thy blood So free - ly spilt for me!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,  
My great Redeemer's throne;  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone;

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing, true, and clean,  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From him that dwells within;

4 A heart in every thought renewed,  
And full of love divine;  
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,  
A copy, Lord, of thine!

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;  
Come quickly from above,  
Write thy new name upon my heart,  
Thy new, best name of Love.

114. AVON C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY

HUGH WILSON

I. For - ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to thy bleed - ing side;

This all my hope, and all my plea, For me the Sav - iour died.

2 My dying Saviour, and my God,  
Fountain for guilt and sin,  
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,  
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;  
Wash me, and mine thou art;

Wash me, but not my feet alone,  
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The atonement of thy blood apply,  
Till faith to sight improve,  
Till hope in full fruition die,  
And all my soul be love.

No. 115.

Fill Me Now.

E. H. STOKES, D. D.

JOHN R. SWENEY

I. Hov-er o'er me, Holy Spirit; Bathe my trembling heart and brow; Fill me with thy hallowed presence,  
D. S.—Fill me with thy hallowed presence,

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.  
Come, O come and fill me now. Fill me now, fill me now, Je-sus, come and fill me now;

Come, O come and fill me now.

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- 2 Thou canst fill me, gracious Spirit,  
Though I cannot tell thee how;  
But I need thee, greatly need thee;  
Come, O come and fill me now.
- 3 I am weakness, full of weakness;  
At thy sacred feet I bow;

- Blest, divine, eternal Spirit,  
Fill with power, and fill me now.
- 4 Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me;  
Bathe, O bathe my heart and brow;  
Thou art comforting and saving,  
Thou art sweetly filling now.

116. HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE

M. M. W.

M. M. WELLS  
FINE.

I. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side, }  
Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land.  
D. C.—Whisp-'ring soft - ly, "Wand'rer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home." D. C.

Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice.  
D. C.

- 2 Ever-present, truest Friend,  
Ever near, thine aid to lend,  
Leave us not to doubt and fear,  
Groping on in darkness drear.  
When the storms are raging sore,  
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,  
Whisper softly, "Wanderer comel  
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

- 3 When our days of toil shall cease,  
Waiting still for sweet release,  
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,  
Wondering if our names are there;  
Wading deep the dismal flood,  
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;  
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, comel  
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

## No. 117.

## Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I've wandered far a - way from God, Now I'm coming home; The paths of sin too  
 2. I've wast-ed ma - ny pre - cious years, Now I'm coming home; I now repent with  
 3. I'm tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm coming home; I'll trust thy love, be -  
 4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm coming home; My strength renew, my

CHORUS.

long I've trod, Lord, I'm com - ing home.  
 bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com - ing home.  
 lieve thy word, Lord, I'm com - ing home.  
 hope re - store, Lord, I'm com - ing home.

} Com - ing home, com - ing home,

Nev - er - more to roam; O - pen wide thine arms of love, Lord, I'm coming home.

5 My only hope, my only plea,  
 Now I'm coming home;  
 That Jesus died, and died for me,  
 Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need his cleansing blood I know  
 Now I'm coming home;  
 O wash me whiter than the snow,  
 Lord, I'm coming home.

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## No. 118.

## And Can I Yet Delay.

CHARLES WESLEY.

LOWELL MASON.

1. And can I yet de - lay My lit - tle all to give?  
 2. Nay, but I yield, I yield; I can hold out no more;  
 3. Though late, I all for - sake; My friends, my all re - sign;  
 4. Come and pos - sess me whole, Nor hence a - gain re - move;

## And Can I Yet Delay.—Concluded.

To tear my soul from earth a - way For Je - sus to re - ceive?  
 I sink, by dy - ing love com - pelled, And own the con - quer - or.  
 Gra - cious Re - deem - er, take, O take And seal me ev - er thine!  
 Set - tle and fix my wav - 'ring soul With all thy weight of love.

No. 119.

## There is Power in the Blood.

L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.

1. Would you be free from your bur - den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;  
 2. Would you be free from your passion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;  
 3. Would you be whiter, much whiter than snow? There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;  
 4. Would you do ser - vice for Je - sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;

Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win? There's wonder - ful pow'r in the blood.  
 Come for a cleans - ing to Cal - va - ry's tide, There's wonder - ful pow'r in the blood.  
 Sin stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow, There's wonder - ful pow'r in the blood.  
 Would you live dai - ly his prais - es to sing? There's wonder - ful pow'r in the blood.

## CHORUS.

There is pow'r, pow'r, wonder working pow'r In the blood of the Lamb;  
 There is pow'r, In the blood of the Lamb;

There is pow'r, pow'r, won - der working pow'r In the pre - cious blood of the Lamb.  
 There is pow'r,

No. 120.

## Decide for Jesus.

IRVIN H. MACK.

ARTHUR WILTON.

1. How oft a - cross life's nar - row path As on we tread the way,  
 2. O who will make the stand this day, To take the path of right?  
 3. The plead - ings oft - en you have heard, The Sav - viour calls you: "come,"  
 4. The world al - lures with prom - ise vain, Yet death the end must be,

There comes to us the still, small voice, "Give me your heart to day,"  
 His ways are paths of love and peace, The end is joy and light.  
 Re - turn tho' far you are a - stray, Your foot - steps turn to "home."  
 But sweet the life our Sav - iour gives, It lasts e - ter - nal - ly,

CHORUS.

De - cide for Je - sus, de - cide for Je - sus, No long - er make de - lay,

De - cide for Je - sus, de - cide for Je - sus, Make this de - cis - ion day.

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No. 121.

## Only Trust Him.

J. H. S.

J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Come, ev - ry soul by sin op - press'd, There's mer - cy with the Lord,  
 2. For Je - sus shed his pre - cious blood, Rich bless - ings to be - stow;  
 3. Yes Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;  
 4. Come, then, and join the ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go.

## Only Trust Him.—Concluded.

And he will sure - ly give you rest By trust - ing in his word.  
 Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.  
 Be - lieve in him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.  
 To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.

## CHORUS.

{ On - ly trust him, on - ly trust him, On - ly trust him now;  
 { He will save you, he will save you, He will (Omit.....) save you now.

\* The words "Come to Jesus" may be used for chorus instead of "Only Trust him."

## No. 122.

## Take Me As I Am.

ELIZA H. HAMILTON.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, to thee I cry, Un - less thou help me I must die;  
 2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me thy blood was spilt,  
 3. I thirst, I long to know thy love, Thy full sal - va - tion I would prove;  
 4. If thou hast work for me to do, In - spire my will, my heart re - new,

O bring thy free sal - va - tion nigh And take me as I am!  
 And thou can'st make me what thou wilt But take me as I am!  
 But since to thee I can - not move O take me as I am!  
 And work both in and by me, too, But take me as I am!

D.S.—bring thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!

## CHORUS.

D.S.

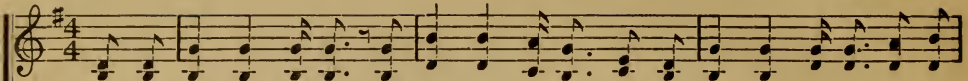
Take me as I am,..... Take me as I am;.....  
 Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am; O

## No. 123.


## There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T.

W. L. THOMPSON.

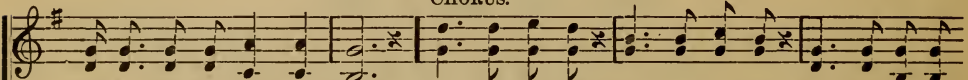


1. There's a great day coming, A great day coming, There's a great day coming by and  
 2. There's a bright day coming, A bright day coming, There's a bright day coming by and  
 3. There's a sad day coming, A sad day coming, There's a sad day coming by and

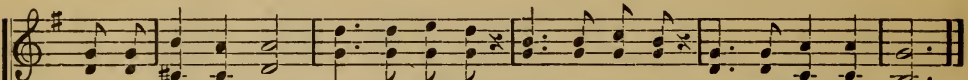


by, When the saints and the sin - ners shall be part - ed right and left, Are you  
 by, But its brightness shall on - ly come to them that love the Lord, Are you  
 by, When the sin - ner shall hear his doom, "De - part: I know you not!" Are you

## CHORUS.



ready for that day to come? Are you ready? Are you ready? Are you ready



for the judgment day? Are you ready? Are you ready For the judgment day?

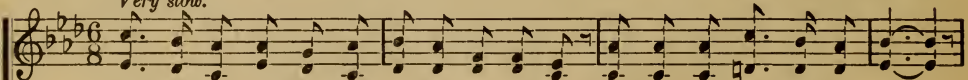
By per. of Will L. Thompson. East Liverpool, Ohio, and Thompson Music Co., Chicago, Ill.

## No. 124.

## For You and For Me.

W. L. T.

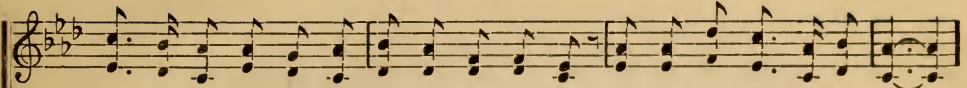
WILL L. THOMPSON.

*Very slow.*


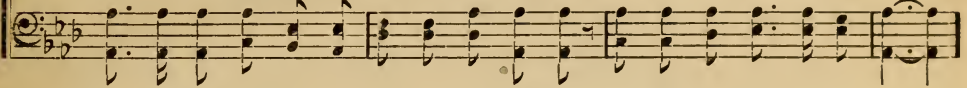
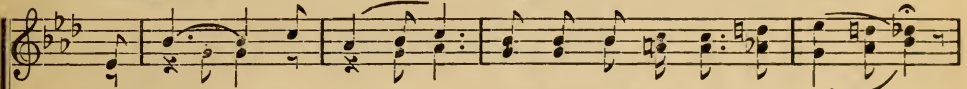
1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is calling— Calling for you and for me.  
 2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is pleading— Pleading for you and for me?  
 3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing— Passing from you and from me.  
 4. O for the won - der - ful love he has promised— Promised for you and for me.

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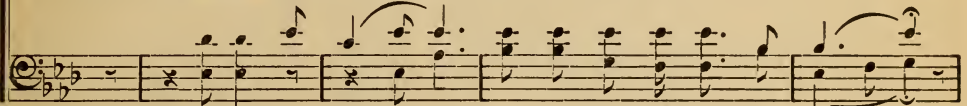
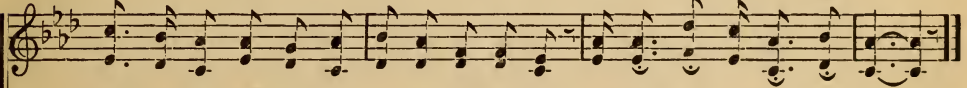
# For You and For Me.—Concluded.



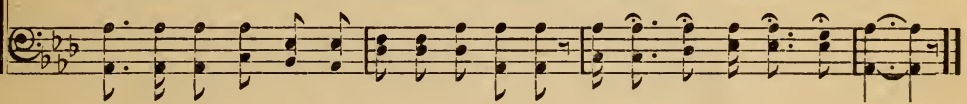
See on the por- tals he's waiting and watching—Watching for you and for me.  
 Why should we lin- ger and heed not his mercies— Mercies for you and for me?  
 Shadows are gath- er- ing, death-beds are coming— Coming for you and for me.  
 Though we have sinned, he has mer- cy and par- don— Pardon for you and for me.

REFRAIN. *m**cres.**rit.*

Come home,.... come home,..... Ye who are wea- ry, come home;.....  
 Come home, come home,

*p**pp**rit.**pp*

Earn- est- ly, ten- der- ly Je- sus is calling— Calling, O sinner, come home!

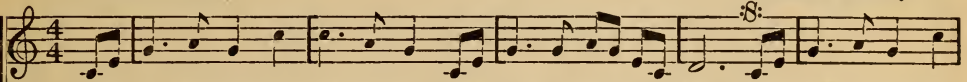


## No. 125.

## Cleansing Fountain.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Western Melody.



1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners plunged be-

*Fine.**D. S.*

neath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains. Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains;

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
 That fountain in his day;  
 And there may I, though vile as he,  
 Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb! Thy precious blood  
 Shall never lose its pow' er  
 Till all the ransomed Church of God  
 Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
 Thy flowing wounds supply,  
 Redeeming love has been my theme,  
 And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
 I'll sing thy power to save,  
 When this poor lisping, stammering tongue  
 Lies silent in the grave.

No. 126.

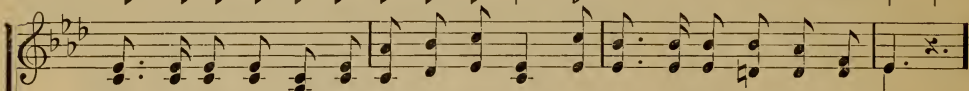
## Let Jesus Come into Your Heart.

C. H. M.

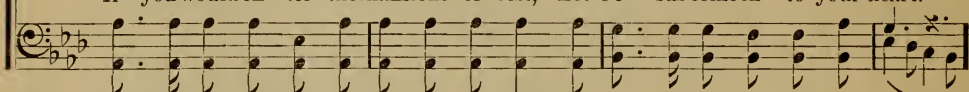
MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
2. If 'tis for pur - i - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
3. If there's a tempest your voice can not still, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
4. If friends once trusted have proven un - true, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;



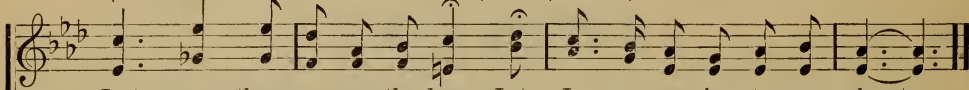
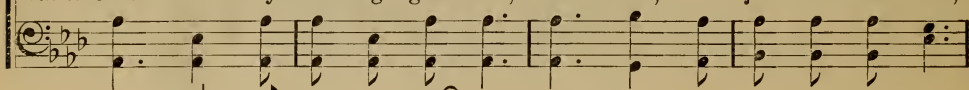
- If you de - sire a new life to be - gin, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.  
 Fount - ains for cleansing are flow - ing near by, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.  
 If there's a void this world never - can fill, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.  
 Find what a Friend he will be un - to you, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.  
 If you would en - ter the mansions of rest, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.



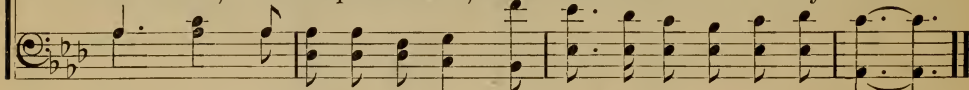
## CHORUS.



- Just now your doubtings give o'er; Just now, re - ject him no more;  
 5th v. Just now my doubtings give o'er; Just now, re - ject him no more;



- Just now, throw o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.  
 Just now, I o - pen the door; And Je - sus comes in - to my heart.



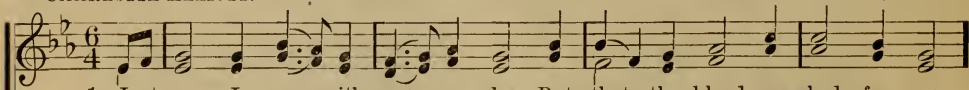
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No. 127.

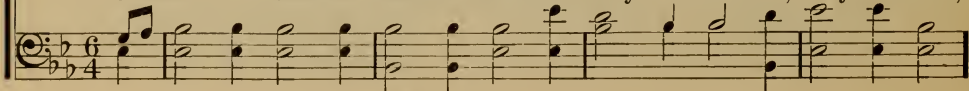
## Just As I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am tho' toss'd a - bout With many a con - flict, many a doubt,



## Just As I Am—Concluded.

And that thou bidd'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 Fightings with-in and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind,  
 Sight, riches healing of the mind,  
 Yea, all I need, in thee to find,  
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—thy love unknown  
 Hath broken ev'ry barrier down:  
 Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,  
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

## No. 128.

## God Calling Yet.

J. BORTHWICK.

*Not too fast.*

JOHN.

1. God call-ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?  
 2. God call-ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I his lov-ing voice de-spise?  
 3. God call-ing yet! and shall I give No heed, but still in bon-dage live?  
 4. God call-ing yet! I can-not stay: My heart I yield without de-lay;

Shall life's swift pass-ing years all fly, And still my soul in slum-ber lie?  
 And base-ly his kind care re-pay? He calls me still; can I de-lay?  
 I wait, But he does not for-sake; He calls me still; my heart a-wake!  
 Vain world, farewell from thee I part; The voice of God has reached my heart.

## CHORUS.

God is call - ing, call - - ing yet,

God is call-ing yet, God is call-ing yet, Heed his pleading voice, God is call-ing yet,  
 God is call - ing,

God is calling yet, God is call-ing yet, Sin-ner, heed his plead-ing voice.

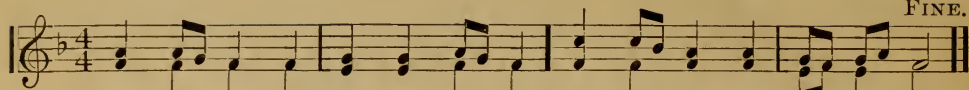
## No. 129.

## Come, Ye Sinners.

JOSEPH HART.

JEAN J. ROUSSEAU.

FINE.



1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wound - ed, sick and sore;  
D. C.—He is a - ble, he is a - ble, He is will - ing: doubt no more.

D. C.



Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and pow'r:

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;  
God's free bounty glorify;  
True belief and true repentance,  
Every grace that brings you nigh,  
Without money,  
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
All the fitness he requireth

Is to feel your need of him:

This he gives you;  
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

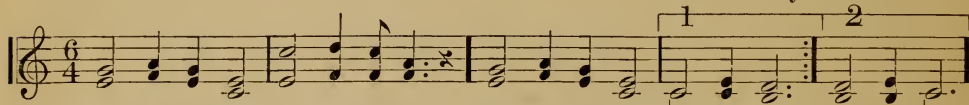
4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,  
Bruised and mangled by the fall;  
If you tarry till you're better,  
You will never come at all;  
Not the righteous,—  
Sinners Jesus came to call.

## No. 130.

## He is Calling.

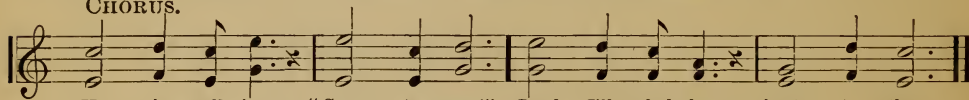
FABER.

Arr. by J. S. VAIL.



1. { There's a wideness in God's mer-cy, Like the wideness of the sea:  
There's a kindness in his justice Which is more than (Omit.....) lib - er - ty.

CHORUS.



He is call - ing, "Come to me!" Lord, I'll glad - ly haste to thee.

2 There is welcome for the sinner,  
And more graces for the good;  
There is mercy with the Saviour;  
There is healing in his blood.

3 For the love of God is broader  
Than the measure of man's mind;

And the heart of the Eternal  
Is most wonderful and kind.

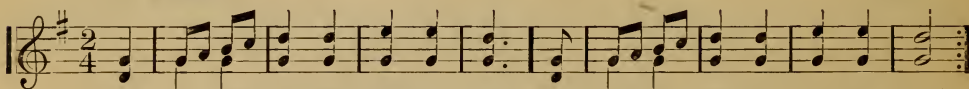
4 If our love were but more simple,  
We should take him at his word;  
And our lives would be all sunshine  
In the sweetness of our Lord.

## No. 131.

## Oh! Come, and Will You Go?

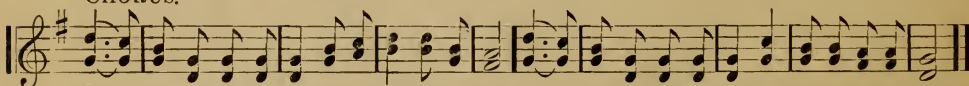
CHARLES WESLEY.

ANON.



1. { Come, sin - ners, to the gos - pel feast; It is for you, it is for me; }  
Let ev - 'ry soul be Je - sus' guest: It is for you, it is for me; }

CHORUS.



Oh! come and will you go, will you go, will you go, Oh! come and will you go, Where pleasure never dies.

2 Ye need not one be left behind,  
It is for you, it is for me;  
For God hath bidden all mankind,  
It is for you, it is for me.

3 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;  
The invitation is to all:  
Come, all the world! come, sinner, thou!  
All things in Christ are ready now.

4 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,  
Ye restless wanderers after rest;  
Ye poor and maimed, and halt, and blind  
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

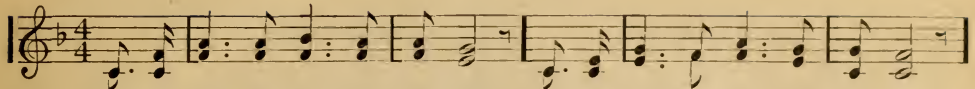
5 My message as from God receive;  
Ye all may come to Christ and live:  
O let this love your hearts constrain,  
Nor suffer him to die in vain.

## No. 132.

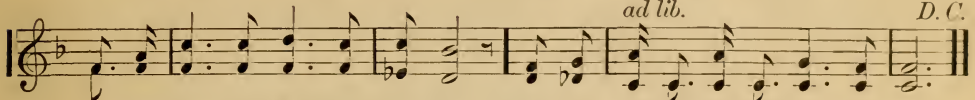
## The Way of the Cross.

ANON.

ANON.



D.C.—Where he leads me I will fol-low, Where he leads me I will fol-low,



I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing: "Take thy cross, and fol-low, fol-low me." Where he leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with him, with him all the way.

2 I'll go with him through the garden,  
I'll go with him through the garden,  
I'll go with him through the garden,  
I'll go with him, with him all the way.

I'll go with him through the judgment,  
I'll go with him, with him all the way.

3 I'll go with him through the judgment,  
I'll go with him through the judgment,

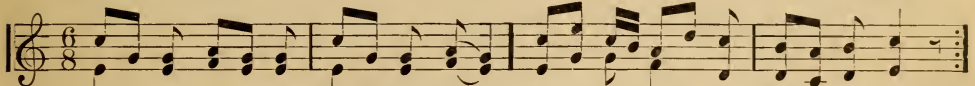
4 He will give me grace and glory,  
He will give me grace and glory,  
He will give me grace and glory,  
And go with me, with me all the way.

## No. 133.

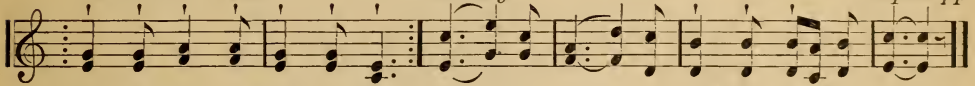
## Depth of Mercy.

CHARLES WESLEY.

J. STEVENSON.



1. {Depth of mer-cy! can there be Mer-cy still re-served for me?} {Can my God his wrath for-bear, Me, the chief of sin-ners, spare?}

REFRAIN. *Faster.**Smoothly.**Repeat pp*

{God is love, I know, I feel,} {Je-sus weeps and loves me still,} Je-sus weeps, he weeps and loves me still.

2 I have long withstood his grace;  
Long provoked him to his face;  
Would not hearken to his calls;  
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

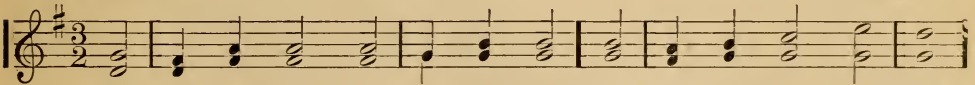
3 Now incline me to repent;  
Let me now my sins lament;  
Now my foul revolt deplore,  
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

## No. 134.

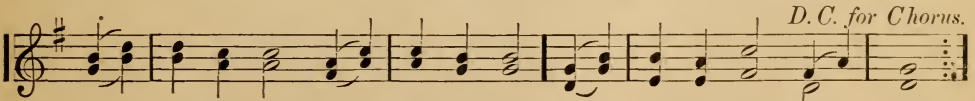
## I Do Believe.

I. WATTS.

Unknown.



1. A-las! and did my Sav-iour bleed? And did my Sov-'reign die? CHO.—I do be-lieve, I now be-lieve That Je-sus died for me;



Would he de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I? And thro' his blood, his pre-cious blood, I shall from sin be free.

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,  
He groaned upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree!

3 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe:  
Here, Lord, I give myself away,  
'Tis all that I can do.

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